

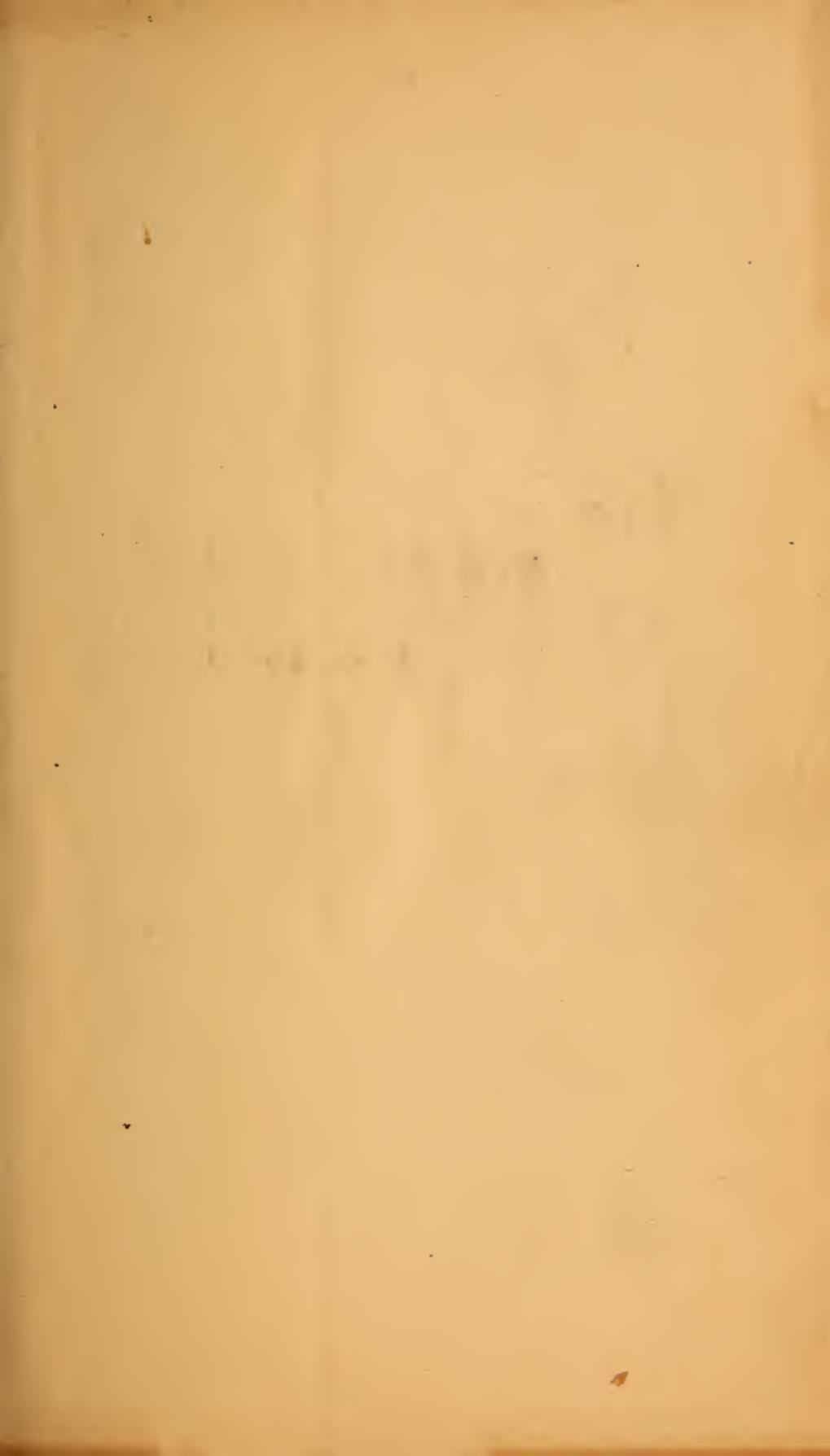
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**UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.**









NO.

I.

BRADY'S

ETHIOPIAN DRAMA

ROBERT MAKE-AIRS.



AS PERFORMED BY  
**GEORGE CHRISTY.**

NEW-YORK:  
FREDERIC A. BRADY

(PUBLISHER OF CHARLES DICKENS'S HOUSEHOLD WORDS,)  
NO. 126 NASSAU-STREET.

Price

13 Cents.

Deposited in Clark's Place  
S. Dist. New York Nov. 26. 1858

PRICE]

ILLUSTRATED.

[13 CTS.

# GEORGE CHRISTY'S ETHIOPIAN JOKE BOOK.

No. 2.



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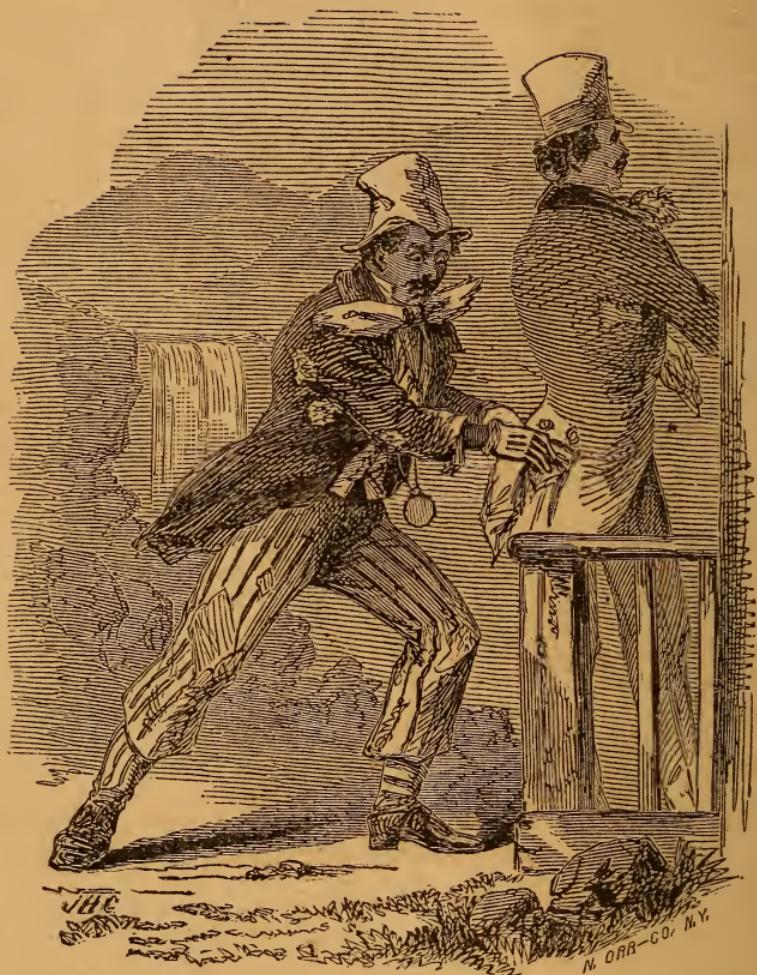
New-York:

FREDERIC A. BRADY, PUBLISHER.

126 NASSAU ST.

Just Published.—Charley Fox's Bijou Songster. Price 13 cents.  
Charley Fox's Ethiopian Songster. " " "  
George Christy's Ethiopian Joke Book, No. 3. " " "





*"Silk or cotton, it's all the same to me!"*

[ROBERT MAKE-AIRS.]

NO I.  
BRADY'S ETHIOPIAN DRAMA.

---

ROBERT MAKE-AIRS:

OR,

The Two Fugitives.

A Burlesque.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR

G E O R G E C H R I S T Y.

✓  
BY E. WARDEN, ESQ.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARAC-  
TERS, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.



NEW-YORK:

FREDERIC A. BRADY.,

126 NASSAU STREET.

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Entered according to Act of Congress,  
BY F. A. BRADY,  
in the Clerk's Office of the U. S. District Court for the Southern District of the State  
of New York.

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APPROVED, AUGUST 18, 1856.

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## EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION

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"ROBERT MAKE-AIRS; OR, THE TWO FUGITIVES," is a Burlesque on the ever-popular Melodrama entitled "Robert Macaire; or, The Two Murderers," and was written by EDWARD WARDEN, Esq., expressly for *George Christy*. It was performed by the last named gentleman, in New York City, for upwards of *one hundred consecutive nights* to overflowing houses.

The original cast of this trifle was what might have been called a strong one. Comprising the names of S. A. Wells as "Robert Make-airs"—who was the first, and with the exception of E. Bowers, the only representative of the devil-may-care, impudent, confidence darkey. While George Christy, as "Jake Strike," the nervous and excitable companion of Robert, performed in a manner that has never been equalled. And Mr. Campbell, as Sheriff Sopy, the consequential officer in search of the fugitives, performed with his usual ability. All the other members of the company that performed at *Minstrel Hall* on the production of "Robert Make-airs," contributed to its general success, and its being kept before the public on its first representation for the unprecedented period above mentioned.



## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Minstrel Hall, New York.</i>	<i>Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco.</i>
<i>Robert Male-airs</i> , a Fugitive, not over honest,.....	Mr. S. A. Wells,	Mr. S. A. Wells,
<i>Jake Strike</i> , who would not take anything out of his reach.....	" George Christy,	" George Christy,
<i>Sheriff</i> , an unwashed official,.....	" M. Campbell,	" E. Deaves,
<i>Peter</i> , a waiter often wanted,.....	" Byron Christy,	" G. Coes,
<i>Dupont</i> , landlord of the "Jaw Bone,".....	" J. A. Herman,	" W. Barker,
<i>Charley</i> , a son of somebody,.....	" E. Warden,	" C. Henry,
<i>Gum Heel</i> , a Deacon, very decorous,.....	" J. E. Mead,	" S. Campbell,
<i>Toe Heel</i> ,.....	" O. Henry,	" M. Smith,
<i>Breakdown</i> ,.....	" F. Edwards,	" R. Cook,
<i>Aunt Mary</i> , mother of the Carolina Twins,.....	" N. Kneas,	" M. Lewis,
<i>Clementina</i> , in love with Charley,.....	Master Eugene,	Master Eugene,
<i>Maria</i> ,.....	Mr. F. Boniface,	Mr. P. Burgess.

---

## EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Centre Door*.

## RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.



# ROBERT MAKE-AIRS.

---

SCENE.—*Mountain Pass.*—Set *Rustie Bridge* across stage—set house, L. H., with sign on “OLD JAW BONE”—clothes-line, with a night-gown, two sheets, &c., hanging on it—two brooms and small keg, marked ‘GIN,’ near house—mile-post, c., “10 MILES TO LIBERTY CO.”—some straw by mile-post—2 tables, with bottles, on R. H.

DUPONT, PETER, CHARLEY AND OTHERS *discovered as curtain rises.*

## OPENING CHORUS.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! de day is come ;  
Miss Clem is to be married.  
Glad are we, an’ dat’s a fac’,  
For very long she’s tarried.  
Bring out de wine, de hoe-cake, too,  
De gumbo and de cream—  
And don’t forget de wedding cake,  
On which we darkies dream.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

DUPONT, c. [*After Chorus.*]

Now den, boys, massa has gib you all holiday to tend to de weddin’. Clementina will soon be here, and den Charley dar will be de happiest swine for de day.

PETER, R. C.

I say, boss, has you got all de hog and de hominy ready for de whole party?

DUPONT.

In course I has. Charley doesn't you like hog and hominy, and all such nice fixin's on your weddin' day.

CHARLEY.

Ah, Massa Dupont, you have always been so kind to me, and Clementina's love is nuff for me on de present 'casion. I'se no appetite for de sweetmeats.

DUPONT.

Ah, well, never mind ; you'll find an appetite after you're married.

[*Noise of whip outside.*

PETER.

Hillo ! here comes de bride and de deacon.

[*Music, lively.*

*Enter DEACON and CLEMENTINA, cross bridge from L.*

DEACON. C.

Well, friends, here we is you see. All ready for de 'casion of dis happy day. But, Clementina, why don't you say, " how d'y'e do" to de family, and Charley, dar, your distended bridegroom.

CLEMENTINA.

[*Salutes all, and then goes to Charley, who is whimpering L. H.*  
Charles !

CHARLEY.

Clementina !!

CLEMENTINA.

How does you feel now ?

CHARLEY.

Clementina, could I but 'spress to you de feelin's ob dis burstin' chest, I'd——

CLEMENTINA.

What ?

CHARLEY.

Neber mind ; I'll tell you some oder time.

PETER. [*Singing.*]

[*Looking L.*] Oh, look a here.

OMNES.

Oh, look whare ?

PETER.

Why look way over yander,

Don't you see dat old grey gal ;  
She's comin' down here for a wonder.

PETER.

Oh, look a here !

OMNES.

Oh, look whar ?

PETER.

Why look way over yander.

OMNES.

Oh, yes, we see dat ole' grey gal,  
And she's comin' down here for a wonder.

[*Music—Tremolo*—PETER runs off, across bridge, and brings down  
AUNT MARY—he carrying one of her babies. Both come down c.  
DEACON.

[*To Mary.*] What's your name, and whar did you come from ?

MARY.

Pity, kind friends, on dis poor frame, and gib me a chair.

PETER.

Dare's one. [*Gives chair. MARY drops child as she sits.*] What  
are you doin'—Do you want to commit a homicide. [*Plays with  
the babies.*]

DEACON.

Get her some drink to quench her thirst. [*Breakdown—hands bot-  
tle to Mary.*] Now den, tell us who you is ?

MARY.

Why, you see, my husband robbed a hen-roost wid a nudder dar-  
key, and has made tracks for de free states. So, I packed up de ba-  
bies, and am tryin' to find him.

DEACON.

And did he desert you ?

MARY.

Oh, yes, and took all de money wid him.

DUPONT.

And are dese children his?

MARY.

Yes.

PETER.

De monster! [drops children.]

MARY.

My child! My child!

DUPONT.

Come along, my good woman Come in de house. Dar's plenty to eat and drink. Come, darkies, and let's attack de good tings.

[MUSIC—LIVELY. *All Exit in house—Stage darkens—Music changes to MYSTERIOUS.* Enter ROBERT L crosses bridge, beckoning JAKE to follow. JAKE appears L. and crosses, very much alarmed, trembling, &c. When they get to c. ROBERT swings JAKE and kicks him.

ROBERT.

Come along, you black rascal,—what are you afraid of? You see it's only ten miles to Liberty County—then we'll be in a free State.

JAKE.

Yes, but if dat Sheriff clutches us—Oh, dear!

ROBERT.

Bah! Shut up, don't you see dars de ole Jaw Bone, we'll stop and pick a bit.

JAKE.

No, no, don't; let's Schuylerize and cut our stick.

ROBERT.

Why, Jake, I'm not afraid of any darkey on dis plantation. See, dars goin' to be a spree about these diggins, and we must join' em to prevent suspicion. Sing out for some grub.

JAKE.

No, no. You call, your de handsomest.

ROBERT.

Well, you follow suit.

JAKE.

Yes, when I dress myself for de 'casion.

[JAKE ties on neckerchief. ROBERT hurrying JAKE.]

ROBERT.

Are you ready?

JAKE.

Yes, all ready.

ROBERT.

[Striking table.] House dar!

JAKE.

[Imitating.] House dar!

ROBERT.

Landlord!

JAKE.

Landlord!

ROBERT.

Landlady!

JAKE.

Landlady!

ROBERT.

Barmaid!

JAKE.

Barmaid!

ROBERT.

Chambermaid!

JAKE.

Chambermaid!

ROBERT.

Dairymaid!

JAKE.

Dairymaid!

ROBERT.

Any maid!

JAKE.

Ready maid! [ROBERT kicks JAKE.]

[Enter PETER from house L.]

PETER.

What's all de row about? Has de prison broke loose?

JAKE.

[R. H. corner.] Prison! He knows us.

ROBERT.

No, but—bring us some refreshment, darkey.

JAKE.

[Imitating.] Yes, bring us some peck.

PETER.

Well, what'll you hab, gentlemen?

ROBERT.

Give me a plate of roast beef, well done, brown on both sides with plenty of fat, by gravy.

JAKE.

And bring me a plate of pork and beans, and lots of puddin'.

PETER.

What kind of pudding?

JAKE.

Plum both.

PETER.

We hain't got any of dat kind.

JAKE.

Well bring us plenty of it and hurry it up.

PETER.

I'll give you de best we've got if dat'le do.

ROBERT.

Well go ahead, and don't be slow. [Exit PETER into house. Melo business.] Jake?

JAKE.

Yes!

ROBERT.

Eber since we killed dem pigs and stole de money from de missus and robbed dat hen roost——

JAKE.

And got in de callaboose——

ROBERT.

And broke jail—I've heard dat de ole woman is arter me. But neber mind, if we can only rob dis house of some of its valuables, we'll be off and get under de sheltering wings of Horace Greely and aunt Abbey Folsom.

JAKE.

Yes, and in de good graces of de great Garrison, too.

ROBERT.

Here comes de grub, be ready to assist me.

[Enter PETER from house with tray and eatables, and in crossing stage drops a knife which JAKE picks up and puts in his pocket.

There you is, gentlemen. [Is going.]

JAKE.

Here, you boy, how is a couple of gentlemen goin' to eat with only one knife?

PETER.

One knife, golly, I'll soon fetch anoder.

[ROBERT steals handkerchief from PETER as he goes into house.]

ROBERT.

That's very clever, but why the devil don't he wear silk ones.

[Pockets it and JAKE steals it from him.]

JAKE.

I ain't particular 'bout silk ones.

[Enter PETER from house with knife.]

PETER.

Here's de knife, gentlemen. [Is going.]

ROBERT.

Here, young man, you say you lost a knife?

[As PETER is talking with ROBERT, JAKE steals PETER's apron.]

PETER.

Yes, I reckon I did.

[JAKE fills his hat with all the eatables.]

ROBERT.

Well, I found it and there it is. [Gives knife.]

PETER.

You're goin' to stop to de weddin—we always likes good company.

ROBERT.

Enough, we'll attend. [Exit PETER.]

[ROBERT goes to table and is about to eat.]  
ROBERT.

How's this? the grub all gone. [Siezes JAKE.] Speak, slave, or thou diest?

JAKE.

Why, you see the time was up, and you did'nt come to the scratch.

ROBERT

Villain! thou art a robber to steal grub.

PETER. [Outside.]

Now for de dance, darkies.

ROBERT,

Ah! de niggers is a comin' for de dance. We must jine 'em to prevent inspection.

JAKE.

Oh golly don't! I shall melt in my boots if they should find us out.

ROBERT.

What are you afraid of. Go in lemons if you do get squeezed.

[MUSIC.—Enter all from house.]

DUPONT.

Now then, darkies, foot it merrily.

[They dance a country dance, after which they retire up stage. ROBERT goes to JAKE.]

ROBERT.

Jake, we must get a partner.

JAKE.

Oh! no; I don't want to dance.

ROBERT.

Yes, yes, we must. I'll find you a partner.

JAKE.

Pick out the poorest gal you can find.

[ROBERT goes to a female and brings her down stage—introduces her to JAKE in pantomime—JAKE takes off his hat and drops eat-

*ables on stage. JAKE scambles for them while ROBERT attracts the females attention from it. The females signify that Bob and JAKE have no gloves and retire up stage.]*

ROBERT.

Jake, they won't dance because we have no gloves.

JAKE.

Have you got any?

ROBERT.

Of course I have; did you ever see a gentleman travel without gloves?

JAKE.

Well lend us a pair.

ROBERT.

Jake, I want to impress upon your mind that I neither borrow or lend.

JAKE.

I never lend but am always on the borrow. Who knows but what I might find a pair among my wardrobe.

[*Business of BOB and JAKE putting on gloves.—JAKE one stocking and one boxing glove—BOB and CLEMENTINA dance first—JAKE and woman dance afterwards—Then all, when they form a ring round JAKE—Storm comes on—Exit all but JAKE who is shut out.*]

JAKE.

Say! here! Ain't you goin' to let a feller in? Say!—Oh dear I'm locked out and I'll git all wet.

[*JAKE makes a canopy with two tables and two brooms, two sheets from line and then goes behind and puts on night gown and cap—then lies down—wants a pillow—looks around, sees a keg—lies down and puts keg under head—too hard—goes to mile-post and gets some straw—puts it in keg—then lies down and sleeps—snores.*]

[*MUSIC.—Enter SHERIFF and soldiers—cross bridge—down stage oblique.*]

SHERIFF.

Halt! Order arms! Carry arms! Present arms! Order arms!

Stand at ease!

[SHERIFF takes off cloak—hangs it on mile post—puts hat on mile post  
—then takes out bill and pins it on cloak.]

SHERIFF.

I catch 'em, and then for the reward. Attention company! Shoulder! arms! Right, face! Forward, march! File, left! Trail, arms! Quick, march!

[Exit into house.]

JAKE.

*Wakes and is looking round—sees the cloak on mile post.]* The Sheriff! Oh! dear. 'Scat! [Takes a broom and creeps cautiously up to mile post and knocks it down, motioning that the SHERIFF has run away. Then he puts on cloak and hat and stands c.]

[MUSIC—HURRY.—Enter ROBERT from house—runs against JAKE.]  
ROBERT.

Why, Jake, have you ben sleeping out in de rain?

JAKE.

Yes. Have you got any prizes?

ROBERT.

Yes; what do you think of a purse and a pair of pistols? Come this way and we'll divide the game. [Exit both R.

[Enter SHERIFF and PETER from house.]

PETER.

I does'n know anything about it.

SHERIFF.

Well that may be all as you say, but I had me money and pistols when I went into the house.

PETER.

Dars been nobody here but two gentlemen and—[Looks R.] Dary are. [Calling.] Here, you, de Sheriff wants you.

ROBERT.

Well, and what's the matter? [Entering R.]

JAKE.

[Imitating.] Yes, what's the muss. I'd like to know.

SHERIFF.

Why, you see gentlemen, I'm on the look out for a couple of ras-

cals that broke jail and are runaway niggers, and if I could only lay my hands on 'em—[*Puts one hand on ROBERT and one on JAKE.*]

ROBERT.

I expect so. [*JAKE trembles.*]

JAKE.

Yes, I suppose so.

SHERIFF.

I come here in de rain, and in de house dar I lost my money and a pair of pistols dat I meant to shoot de rascals with.

ROBERT.

Why you don't suspect us.

JAKE.

No you can't inspect us.

SHERIFF.

No, for when I look on dat honest, open countenance, I see dat I was wrong. Come, you must take a bite with me.

ROBERT.

With pleasure.

SHERIFF.

Here, Pete ; bring us some grub, quick.

PETER.

Yes, sir. [*Exit to house.*]

JAKE.

Come, boy ; the grub—the grub.

[*Enter PETER from house with tray.*]

SHERIFF.

Sit down, gentlemen.

ROBERT.

After you, sir. [*All sit at table c.*] When did these rascals run off?

SHERIFF.

About a week since. [*JAKE coughs.*]

ROBERT.

What's the matter with you ?

Jake.

Nothing only a little bone got down my throat the wrong way.

ROBERT.

From what prison did they escape ?

SHERIFF.

From the Goose-creek jail.

JAKE.

We're dished. [Gets under the table.]

SHERIFF.

Why you see they——where's your friend ?

ROBERT.

My friend, ah ! I'll find him. I'm going. Good bye

JAKE. [Coming from under the table.]

So am I. Good bye.

ROBERT.

What are you doing there ?

JAKE.

Looking for my toothpick

SHERIFF

[Aside.] That looks rather suspicious.

ROBERT.

Well, good bye, sir.

SHERIFF.

Excuse me, gentlemen ; but before you go, I would like to look at your papers.

[Enter all but MARY.]

ROBERT.

With pleasure, sir.

JAKE. [To ROB.

Have we got papers ?

ROBERT.

Of course we have.

JAKE.

Yes, sir ; with pleasure.

ROBERT.

[Gives paper.] That I think you'll find all right.

SHERIFF.

Wash——

ROBERT.

Excuse me, I—that is my wash bill. Such little articles will get into one's pocket. That's it, I think. [Gives another.]

SHERIFF.

Pants—

ROBERT.

Pardon me ; that is a little clothing bill, One pair of pants \$2,75 ; 2,67 ; 8,75. Ah ! this is the right one. [Gives paper.]

SHERIFF.

What is your name sir ?

ROBERT.

My name, sir, is Colonel Gerombus De Highfamden sic 'Transit Gloria Munday Pass Grand Generalissimo of the Know Nothings order of E'Pluribus Unum. [Strikes JAKE.]

JAKE.

Oh !

SHERIFF.

Now, sir, yours. [Strikes JAKE.]

JAKE.

Wait till I get my breath.

ROBERT.

He doesn't want your breath, he wants your papers.

JAKE.

I have'n't got neither.

SHERIFF.

Come sir. [Drawing pistols.]

JAKE.

Don't, I'm nervous—put up that barker, do. There [Gives piece of cracker] Oh ! excuse me. There, that's it. [Gives paper.]

SHERIFF.

Watch—

JAKE. [Snatches paper.]

Excuse me, I'm a little short sighted. That's a ticket for a watch I loaned my uncle. That's the one. [Gives paper.]

SHERIFF.

Dear Augustus—

JAKE. [*Snatching paper.*]

A little billy doo from Jane Ann Pinkroot, the gal what sticks to  
my gizzard.

SHERIFF.

Come, I'm in a hurry.

ROBERT.

Give him your papers.

JAKE.

How can I, when I can't read which one it is ?

ROBERT.

That's one.

JAKE.

There, I think you'll find that all right.

SHERIFF.

You are called——

JAKE.

—Yes, always before breakfast.

SHERIFF.

No, no ; but your name.

JAKE.

Well, if it comes to that—what's your name ?

SHERIFF.

Oh, pshaw !

JAKE.

Shaw. How d'ye do, Shaw ? How's Mrs. Shaw and all the little Shaws.

SHERIFF.

No, no ; your name,sir, quick.

ROBERT.

[*Interrupting.*] Excuse me, but you see my friend here is rather bashful.

SHERIFF.

But how shall I find out his name ?

ROBERT.

Oh, enquire at —— Hall, he's not unknown to fame.

SHERIFF.

All right.

ROBERT.

Then I suppose we can go ?

SHERIFF.

Wait a moment. Will some one call the old woman, I want to question her. [They fetch MARY from house.]

MARY.

Who is calls on this poor old soul ?

ROBERT.

My wife, Mary !

MARY.

My husband, Robert Make-air.

ALL.

Rabert Make-air !!

ROBERT.

My wife !

MARY.

My love !

ROBERT.

My life !

MARY.

My dove !

ROBERT.

Come to my arms, aha ! [They Embrace] Baby—baby—don't you know your daddy ?

JAKE.

Babie—babie—don't you know your uncle ? [Bob strikes him.]

SHERIFF.

Soldiers, seize 'em. [Soldiers seize BOB and JAKE and put hand-cuffs on them.] Citizens, now you behold before you the notorious Robert Make-air and Jake Strike. I have a warrant for their arrest, so all good people take warning.

ROBERT.

All subterfuge now is useless. I am Robert Make air !

JAKE.

All vermisfuge is useful. I am the other feller !

SHERIFF.

Away with 'em to the Bastile and give 'em 39.

CHARLEY. [On bridge.]

Hold! The inquest on the pigs and poultry prove dat dey are all alive and kicking, and if de fugitives will return to their kind old massa, all will be forgotten and forgiven.

ALL.

Hoorah!

[ROBERT embraces MARY—JAKE embraces the SHERIFF.]

CHORUS.

Hail! all hail this happy day! &c., &c., &c.

THE END.

THE  
**AMERICAN JOKER,**

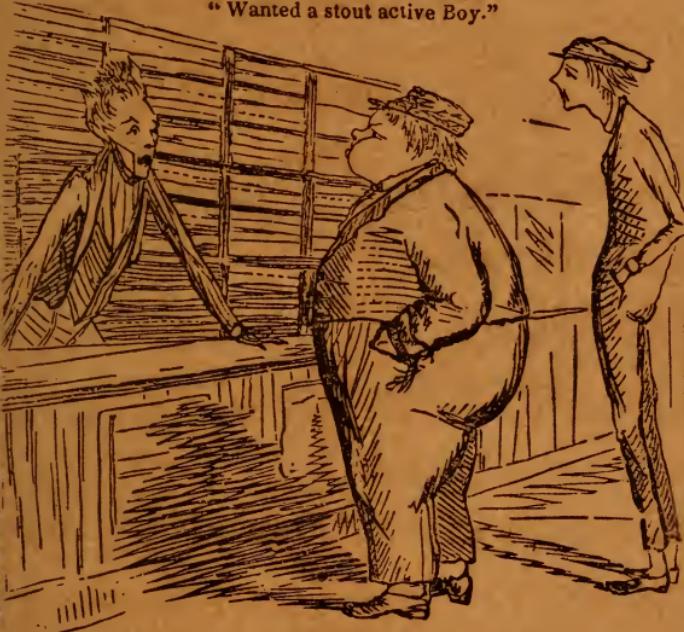
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ETHIOPIAN DRAMA

BOX AND COX.



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FREDERIC A. BRADY

(PUBLISHER OF CHARLES DICKENS'S HOUSEHOLD WORDS,)

NO. 126 NASSAU-STREET.

Price

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*"Look at that candle!"*

BOX AND COX.

NO II.

BRADY'S ETHIOPIAN DRAMA.

BOX AND COX.

In One Act.

AFRICANIZED EXPRESSLY FOR

GEORGE CHRISTY,

BY E. BYRON CHRISTY, ESQ.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

34  
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APPROVED, AUGUST 18, 1856.

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### **ORIGINAL CAST OF CHARACTERS.**

*Jim Cox*, a Whitewasher, who labors hard all day,.....  
Mr. George Christy,  
*Jack Box*, a Waiter in an all-night Restaurant,.....  
“ S. A. Welles,  
*Aunty Bouner*, Landlady of Cheap Lodging Rooms,.....  
“ N. Kneas.

### **EXITS AND ENTRANCES.**

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Centre Door*.

### **RELATIVE POSITIONS.**

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.



## EDITORIAL PREFACE TO BOX AND COX.

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This piece was written in London, and played in this country, many years ago. After many “long runs” and enjoying great favor with the public in its primitive state, it was adapted to the *Ethiopian Stage*, for *George Christy’s* company of Comedians, in this city. *George* himself enacting the part of *Cox*; while that of *Box* was performed by *S. A. Wells*, for many years a prominent member of *Christy’s*, and other first class troupes. It is one of the very best Farces in the language, and abounds in all sorts of *ludicrous situations, grotesque positions, and mirth-provoking dialogue*. It is, moreover, peculiarly adapted to the wants of small companies, requiring but *three persons to fill the parts*; and in troupes were the *Dramatis Personæ* cannot be furnished for a large two act Drama or Farce, this piece will be found “just the cheese”—and especially when they cannot be spared in the Acts of a “second part” of a Minstrel performance. The two principal characters, *Box* and *Cox*, can be played by the “end or corner men,” of any company—either travelling or located—and though they require some study to learn the business, &c., properly, and “get the fine points down,” once committed and performed with ordinary ability, it is bound to “make a hit.”

E. B. C.

# BOX AND COX.

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SCENE—*A room poorly furnished—in the centre a bed with curtains closed—a table and a couple of chairs—a grate and chimney-piece. Cox, dressed with the exception of his coat, is looking at himself in a piece of looking-glass which he holds in his hand.]*

Cox.

Well, I golly ! Dat's a nice lookin' head to go to a ball wid ! I went and gub dat darky free cents, jes to clip de dead ends off ob my har, and he's gone and mowed it off like de wool off ob a black sheep in shearin' time. Neber mind : I won't go to de ball to-night, but den I must go to work dis mornin', for I promised to hab dat whitewashin' job finished to-day, sure, and dat ole gemblem's mighty 'tickeler. [Knock heard at the door.] Hollo ! Who dat ? Come in.

[Enter AUNTY BOUNCER.

AUNTY B.

Good mornin', honey. I hope de skeeters or de bed-bugs didn't bite you las' night. Did you taste de sleep ob de bliss ob innocence, ch ?

Cox.

Well, not zactly. Dat bolster on de bed might do for some niggers' heads, but it won't suit dis child ! To use a highfalutin' 'spres-sion, Mrs. B., its destitute ob feeders at each end, and ain't got none in de middle.

AUNTY B.

Well, de lord a massy child, I spose you must hab anoder—anyting to accommerdate yer.

Cox.

Tankee! Den jes be good enuf to hole dis glass till I finish my toilet.

AUNTY B.

Sartin, honey, [Holds the glass while Cox ties his cravat.] Why bress my soul, honey! who cut your har?

Cox.

Look here, old woman, jes please keep your obserwations to yourself! Can't a gemblem git his har cut widout drawin' forf remarks from ebery consulting feminine darkey dat he comes across? [Puts on his coat.] Now for de hat. [Puts on his hat, which comes over his eyes.] Well dar, dat darkey didn't take less dan a bushel ob wool off dis coconut! Dat hat youster be too tight for me befo' I got my har cut. Neber mind, I'se got two or free more. [Goes in, and returns with three more shocking bad hats, of every style and pattern, which he tries on one after the other, but they are all too big for him.] Now, aint dat too bad! Wot's de use ob a gemblem habin half-a-dozen hats when he can't wear any ob 'em? Neber mind, I guess I can make dis one do by puttin' about five or six ole newspapers under de linin' ob it. [Prepares a hat and puts it on his head.] And now I'm off. But befo' I goes, ole woman, I'd jest like to draw your 'tention to de fact, (widout any idee ob hurtin' your feelins,) dat de las peck ob coal dat I brought home goes away amazin' fast!

AUNTY B.

De lord a massy, Mr. Cox!

Cox.

Yes, an' it aint ony de coal—but dat two cent candle dat I bort free weeks ago, and a quarter pound ob sugar—de brown kind—and a box of locofoco matches—and a bottle of skeedam snaps wot I take for my cold—all dese tings hab got de consumption mighty bad, and is fallin' away as fast as possible!

AUNTY B.

Goodness sakes, Mr. Cox! I hope you doesn't tink I'd steal yer fings, does yer?

Cox.

I don't fink nuffin' about it—I got nuffin to say about it. I didn't

say you stole de fings, but dar ain't nobody but you and de cat in de house, and I wants yer to understand dat I don't believe its de cat, dat's.

AUNTY B.

I tink you's mighty 'tickler dis ebenin'. Can't you find nuffin else to grumbble about?

Cox.

I ain't a grumblin'—I don't want to grumble—yon neber heard me grumble in your life! But I should like to know who it am dat fills dis ere room full ob smoke while I'se away tendin' to my occeration.

AUNTY B.

Why, I spose de chimbley, de—

Cox.

Oh! now look here, old woman, you can't come dat ober me. Chimbleys don't smoke pipes. It's terbaccer smoke dat I smells. Does you smoke, aunty?

AUNTY B.

No, sir, pon my word and sacred honor! Ainer, mainer, moner might. Hope may never stir if I do!

Cox.

Well, den, what makes de smoke?

AUNTY B.

Well, I suppose it must be de—ah, de what you call—de ah—yes, I guess dat's wot it is.

Cox.

Well, I don't know but wot dat am the reson, but it won't do for me. I must hab another one.

AUNTY B.

Well, den, I spose it must be de genblem in de attic; he's all de time a smokin', and I spose de fluvium wot rises 'bove the noxious fluids ob de atmosfear must catch de smoke and fotch it down into de room.

Cox.

I spose dat must be de same colored man dat I see comin' up stars ebery time I go down?

AUNTY B.

Why, yes, ; dat is, I—

Cox.

He's a mighty gallus lookin' nigger! Seems to me ebery time I meet him, as if he was a gwine to ax me if I wanted anyting. I guess he must be a waiter.

AUNTY B.

Well, I b'leve he is in dat bissiness, and he's a mighty fine young man, too, at dat.

Cox.

Well, good mornin', old woman.

AUNTY B.

You'll be back at de time you always is, I spose ?

Cox.

Yes, 9 o'clock. Don't yer light my fire no more, does yer hear ? I'll do it myself. And don't forgit de bolster ; my hed akes ebery time I tink ob it. [Exit L.]

AUNTY B.

I golly, I's glad he's gone ! I declar to goodness, I couldn't hardly keep myself up, I was so 'feared Mr. Box, de oder lodger, would come in 'fore he went out. It's a lucky ting for me dat dey've neber met in dis room togeder yet ; but I guess dar ain't much danger ob it, for Mr. Box am away all night long to de i'ster cellar, and Cox am as busy as he can be all day white-washin' : so Box sleeps in de day-time, and Cox sleeps in de nite-time, and by dis means I hire de room to bof ob em and git double pay for it, and dey am a couple ob know-nuffins—dey don't know nuffin about it. Now I must put Mr. Cox's tings out ob Mr. Box's way. [*SHE takes the three hats and puts them away.*] Now, den, I must put de key where Mr. Cox allers finds it. [*Hangs the key on a nail.*] Now, den, I must make de bed. When I makes it for Mr. Cox I puts de head to de foot, and when I makes it for Mr. Box I puts de foot to de hed. [*Goes behind the curtain and seems to be making it, and then returns with an apology for a bolster in her hand.*] De idee ob anybody grumblin' at such a bolster as dat ar ! I don't know what folks want, for my part. [*Disappears again behind the curtains.*]

Box.

[Without.] Look here, why don't you keep your own side ob de star-case, sar? [Enters, and then puts his head out again, shouting apparently to somebody outside.] De nex' time you run agin me comin' up stars, you'll get butted, see if you don't! Can't you go down widout takin' up bofe sides ob de stars at once?

AUNTY B.

[Coming from behind the curtains of the bed.] Sakes alive! Mr. Box what's de matter wid you, eh?

Box.

You jes mind your own bissiness, aunty, will you?

AUNTY B.

Goodness me! You's in a great temper dis mornin' bout somefin. Why, honey, you's almost pale in de face.

Box.

Dat's kase I's bin doin a pale bissiness all nite—servin de customers wid pale brandy, and emptyin' out pails of slops. I has to work mighty hard all night, I does.

AUNTY B.

Yes, but den you has all day to rest in.

Box.

[Looking significantly at Aunty B.] Well, I oughter hab, dat's a fac, for I pays for it. So if you's no dejections, I'll just remark dat your presence is obnoxious to me—I wants to go to bed.

AUNTY B.

[Going.] De lord a massy, Mr. Box!

Box.

Stop! What colored man is dat wot I allers meet goin' down stars when I's a comin' up, and comin' up when I's a goin' down?

AUNTY B.

[Confused.] O, him—O, dat young gembiem—O, he's de pusson —de man dat lodges in de attic, he is.

Box.

O, he is, eh? Well, I tink he's a rader ord'nary lookin' nigger, if it wasn't for his hats. I meet him wid a different hat on most ebery

day, and most all of em's got whitewash on. I guess he must foller de whitewashin' bissiness.

AUNTY B.

Well, he does, child. And now I tink ob it, he inkwested me to tell you dat he wishes you wouldn't smoke kwite so much, cos de fumes ob dat rank pipe ob yours flies up into de attic, and interferes wid his smellin' propensities.

Box.

Did he? Well, den, you can tell de gemmen to cork up his nose or else git a room somewhar else!

AUNTY B.

[Pathetically.] Ah, now, Mr. Box, you don't want for me to lose a lodger, does yer?

Box.

No, not 'ticklarly; but you ain't a gwine to put my pipe out, I tells yer dat.

AUNTY B.

Well, Mr. Box, does yer want anyting more wid me?

Box

No, mam! I've had too much of your company already. Vamose!

AUNTY B.

Well, I neber in all my born days! [Goes out muttering to herself and slamming the door after her.]

Box.

'Stonishin', de trubble I allers hab to git rid ob dat ole wench! She knose I'm up all night, and yet she sticks by me in de daytime, and won't gib me no chance to sleep. Now lem me see; wonder if I better take a snooze 'fore I eat my breakfast, or take my breakfast before I eat a snooze;—no, dat aint it 'zactly—shall I swaller my snooze—tut, tut, wot's de matter wid dis ole hed? Neber mind, I'b got a bunch ob eels done up in a paper in my pocket, wot I bort at Caferine Market, [Takes out eels and lays them on the table,] and a cent roll. Now de nex' ting is to light a fire. Whar dem locofoco matches? [Looks on mantel-piece, takes a box, and opens it.] Now,

ain't dat too bad? I bort a hull box on'y free days ago, and now ebery one on 'em 's gone but one! Dat ole wench steals ebery ting I lebe here. [Takes a potatoe candlestick off the mantel-piece, in which there is a very small piece of candle, and looks at it.] Now look at dat candle! I neber burn no candle myself, but de candle goes! [Lights the fire and takes down a gridiron which is hanging over the fireplace.] Aunty Bouncer 's bin a usin' my gridiron! De las ting I cooked upon it was a porgie, and now it smells very much like red herrins. [Places the gridiron on the stove, and puts eels on to cook.] Well dar, I'se so sleepy I kin hardly keep my eyes opin. If I on'y had somebody to tend dese eels, I'd take a snooze. [Yawns.] I b'lieve I must take a little snooze anyhow. Maybe I'll wake up in time to tend 'em. [Lies on the bed, drawing the curtains close. After a short pause,

[Enter Cox hurriedly.]

Cox.

Well, dar, I'd jes' as soon a tort ob bein' struck by lightnin', as gettin' away from work to-day; but de ole gemman's got trubble in de fam'ly—one ob de children is lyin' at de point ob sickness wid de measles, and de child's moder am troubled wid de newrology, or de tick-dollar-owe, I don't 'zactly remember which, in de left shoulder blade, so de old gentlem sed I might put off de whitewashin' for to-day, and take a holliday. Now, how shall I spend de time? I don't know weder to go and dig for clams ober on Long Island, or to take sixpence wof ob steamboat down to Staten Island, and fish off de dock. But I must have my breakfas' fust, anyhow. I can't go widout my breakfas'. I bort a lot of sassengers at de Dutch butcher's and I guess I'll cook 'em. [Lays sausages on the table.] I golly I forgot de bread! How's I gwine to eat breakfas' widout bread? Hello! wot dis? A roll! Well, dat's lucky, any how! Now den, for de fire. Hello! [Seeing the match-box on the table,] who bin touchin' dem matches? Why, de box am empty, and I left one in it a hour ago, I'se sartin! Well dar, [Observes the fire,] de fire am lighted! Whar's the gridiron? On de fire, by hookey! And wot dat on it? Eels! Well, now dat's cool in Aunty Bouncer, dat is.

She ain't satisfied wid stealing all my pervisions, but she takes de last match to make a fire, and uses my gridiron to cook her breakfas' wid. I ain't a gwine to stand dat, no how ! Come out ob dat ! [Seizes the eels and places them on the table, and then puts his sausages on the gridiron, which he puts on the fire.] Now den for my breakfas' tings. [Takes key hung up, opens door, and goes out, slamming the door after him, with a loud noise, which has the effect of waking Box up.

## Box.

[Suddenly showing his head from behind the curtains.] Come in, if it's you, Aunty Bouncer, you needn't be afraid. I wonder how long I've bin asleep ! [Suddenly recollecting.] Hi, golly ! de eels ! [Leaps off the bed and runs to the fire-place.] Helo, wot dis ! Sassengers ! whose sassengers, dat's de question ? Aunty Bouncer's I'll bet a hoss ! If she tinks she's a goin' to steal my matches and eberything else, and den cook her breakfast wid my fire, she's mistaken, dat's all. [Takes sausages off the gridiron and throws them out of the window.] So much for de ole woman's breakfast and now for my own. [Puts the eels on the gridiron again.] I might as well fix de breakfast tings. [Goes to the mantel piece, takes key off, and exit at r. slamming door after him.]

## Cox.

[Putting his head in quickly at L.] Come in, come in ! [Enters with an apology for a tray, with a few dilapidated pieces of crockery thereon, which he sets down and then suddenly recollects the sausages] Hi ! whah ! de sassengers ! [Running to the fire-place.] Hello ! wot's dis ? Dem eels again ! de debil ! I isn't gwine to stand dis no how. [Takes up eels, throws them out of the window, crosses the stage to pick up his tea-things which he had previously set down, and encounters Box coming from his cupboard with his tea-things. They walk down the centre of the stage together till they reach the foot lights, when Cox speaks.] Who is you, colored man ?

## Box.

Dat's jes de berry question I was gwine to ax you Who is you, sar ?

Cox.

Wot you want here, nigger, eh ?

Box.

Dat's jest what I was gwine to ax you, too,—wot does you want ?

Cox.

[*Aside.*] It's de waiter, [sets tea-things down.]

Box.

[*Aside.*] It's de whitewasher, [sets the tea-things down also.]

Cox.

Go to your attic whar yer belongs, nigger.

Box.

*My* attic ? Gess you better say *your* attic !

Cox.

Waiter lef my partment rite away—if you don't, does yer see dat bunch ob bones ? [Doubling up his fist.]

Box.

De nigger mus' be crazy ! Your apartment ? Gess you must mean my apartment, you igmerant whitewasher.

Cox.

Your apartment ! yah ! yah ! I like dat ! Does yer see dat, nigger ? [Produces a dirty paper from the leg of his boot after searching all his pockets.] Dats a resweet for de last week's rent.

Box.

[Produces a similar paper and shakes it under Cox's nose.] Well dar's one ob de same tings, too.

Cox.

[Suddenly shouting.] Fire !

Box.

Murder !

BOTH.

Aunty Bouncer ! [Each runs to the door calling. AUNTY BOUNCER runs in at door.]

AUNTY B.

De lord a massy gemmen, wot's de matter wid you. [They both seize AUNTY by the arm and drag her forward.]

Box.

Aunty, turn dat whitewasher out right away.

Cox.

Luff dat waiter leabe dis 'stablishment, 'mejetly.

AUNTY B.

[*Hesitating.*] Say, look here, gemmen.

Box.

Wot you mean ? [*Pulling her back again.*] Whose room am dis, dat's wot I want to know.

Cox.

Yes, you bullet-head wench, whose room am dis ?

Box.

Doesn't dis room belong to me ?

AUNTY B.

No !

Cox.

Dar ! does yer hear dat ? It b'longs to me.

AUNTY B.

[*Sobbing.*] No, to tell de truf colored men it belongs to bofe ob you.

COX AND BOX.

Bofe of us ?

AUNTY B.

O, dear gemmen, you musn't get mad at me for doin' de best I could. You see de fact is, dis gemman, [*pointing to Box,*] on'y bein at home in de day time, and dat gemman [*potnting to Cox,*] in de night time, I tort I might take de priblege till de little garret bedroom was ready—

COX AND BOX.

[*Eagerly.*] When will de garret bedroom be ready ?

AUNTY B.

Why to-morrow, I s'pect.

Cox.

I'll take it.

Box.

So will I.

AUNTY B.

Why, gemmen, if you bofe take it, you might's well stay whar you is.

BOX AND COX.

Dat's a fact.

COX.

I spoke fust anyhow.

BOX.

Well, dar—dat's enuf. You kin hab the garret bedroom—now lebe.

COX.

Lebe! pooh, pooh, nigger.

AUNTY B.

Now don't kick up a plug muss, gemmen. You see dar youster be a partition here.

BOX AND COX.

Den put it up.

AUNTY B.

Neber mind—you hold on, and I'll see if I can't fix de garret bedroom dis 'bery day. So don't fite. [Exit.]

[Cox walks rapidly up and down the stage, while Box takes a seat by the table and watches him.]

COX.

Nice business, dis 'ere.

BOX.

Say, colored man, wat you tryin' to do, eh? Tryin' to walk a fousand miles in a fousand hours?

COX.

Brack man, you's growin' sassy!

BOX.

[Rising and advancing.] Is I? Look here whitewasher, I want to ax you one question—kin you fite?

COX.

No!

BOX.

[Throwing himself in a fighting attitude.] Can't yer? Well den, square youself.

Cox.

Look here, wot's de use ob our fitein? I ain't got nuffin agin you.

Box.

Neider hab I got anyfing agin you

Cox.

Well den let's make up.

Box.

Nuff ced—gib us yer claw. [*They shake hands.*]

Cox.

Does you sing, Mr. Box.

Box.

Why no—de gal wot I paid my devours to—wot I was gwine to marry—she didn't like singing so I frowed my voice away and neber looked arter it since.

Cox.

[*Aside.*] Dat's berry strange! Jes ezactly de way wid me.

[*Aloud.*] Look here Box, wot was your gal's name?

Box.

Penelope Ann Fergusson.

Cox.

Wot! dat youster make i'ster soup down by Caferine Market

Box.

De same.

Cox.

Well, dat's de bery same gal I was gwine to marry!

Box.

No!

Cox.

Yes!

Box.

Why didn't you marry her?

Cox.

Case I got sick ob de bargain. Why didn't you marry her?

Box.

For de berry same reason. I didn't like her neither, but I got rid ob her by killin' myself !

Cox.

[*Starting back.*] Why you ain't dead, is you ?

Box.

[*Solemnly.*] Yes. Listen ! Penelope Ann and me squirreled—I wanted a bowl ob clam soup on credit. She wouldn't let me hab it—I was a bustin' wid indignation, and I frew it at her in big chunks, she retorted by frowin' a stew-pan at my head—I dodged the dangerous piece of property, rushed from her presence burnin' wid wengence, and made my way towards de riber.

Cox.

Well, I tink dat was de best way to put yousef out, if you was burnin' !

Box.

[*Without heeding the interruption.*] De nite was dark—dark as de despair which filled dis bozzom—but I rushed on widout tinkin' whar I was a goin' till I tumbled ober a tar-barrel dat was a lyin' on de worf, and nearly broke my shin. Smartin' wid de pain, I picked myself up, rushed to de edge ob de dock—took off my coat and laid it down carful, den took off my hat and laid dat down carful—den I tried to think ob a prayer, but couldn't remember none—den I stooped ober to make de fatal plunge—grabbed hold ob my hat, put it onto my head and made tracks for home as fas' as possible. I took good car to lebe a letter in my pocket 'dressed to Penelope Ann, tellin' her dat I'd killed myself for her, and now she tinks me dead. And I'se so glad you'se a gwine to marry her.

Cox.

Me ! I isn't a gwine to marry her. I isn't got nuffin to do wid her, she's yours.

Box.

O, go long. How's she gwine to marry a dead man. I tell yer she's yours, and she's gwine to be here arter you by ten o'clock—Aunty Bouncer told me so.

Cox.

Ten o'clock! *Both pull out tin watches of huge dimensions.*] It o'ny wants quarter ob an inch ob ten now. [*A knock at the door.*] Golly, dar she is, lets stand against de door. [*They place their backs against the door.*]

AUNTY B.

[*Without, and knocking.*] Mr. Cox! Mr. Cox!  
Cox.

I'b jest gone round de corner.

Box.

So hab I.

AUNTY B.

Mr. Cox! [*Pushes at the door, which Box and Cox redouble their efforts to keep closed.*] Open de do'! It's o'ny Aunty Bouncer!

Cox.

Is you shur dar ain't anybody dar wid you?

AUNTY B.

Nobody 'tall—let me in. [*They admit her cautiously.*] Gentlemen, I'ze got some news for you. Penelope Ann Ferguson am married to Mr. Knox de boot black. [*Exit.*]

Cox.

[*In his excess of joy butting his head against the side scenes.*] Horror! horror! O, ain't I glad!

Box.

Free cheers for Knox! Yah! yah! yah! [*They both dance around the stage.*]

AUNTY B.

[*Poking in her head.*] Gemmen, de garret bedroom's ready.

COX AND BOX.

We don't want it, we'll keep de room we've got togeder.

*Cox is about to embrace Box when he stops suddenly, seizes him by the hand and looks eagerly in his face.*]

Cox.

Excuse me, Box, but de more I gaze on dose features, de more I tink you is my long-lost brudder!

Box.

Dat's jes wot I was gwine to say mysef.

Cox.

[*Eagerly.*] Tell me, has you got a clam shell mark on your left arm ?

Box.

No !

Cox.

Neider had my brudder ! And on your breast—

Box.

Is a mole !

Cox.

Ha ! ha ! My mole-marked brudder. But no—

Box.

He doubts. [*Tears open vest.*] B-e-h-o-l-d !

Cox.

'Tis dar indeedy. Base fears begone ! Ha ! ha ! Come to my arms, ha ! ha !

[Both rush into each other's arms c.—AUNTY BOUNCER enter D. R. surprised.

THE END.

14 May 1859

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## INCIDENTAL.

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Act I.—*Scene First.*—Interior wall of Castiron's Garden, near We-hawken—Sentinel on watch for chicken thieves—a jolly party inside—Late Serenade—cold night and dangerous trespass—attempts assassination of Coleslau—arrest of Satinette—the discovery—no chance of escape—and horrible doom of the assassin.

*Scene 2nd.*—Mountain pass—terrific ledge of rocks—fulfilment of the terrible order—Satinette brought forth—lashed to the fiery steed and started on his mad career, bearing his prey up a frightfull precipice of rugged mountains, pursued by Drolinsko.

Act II.—*Scene First.*—Abder Khan's tent on Long Island—MAZEP-PA rescued from the wild horse—comfortable quarters after a long ride—conspiracy of Thamer—TERRIFIC COMBAT—The assassins subdued—refreshments much needed—the lucky message of Drolinsko to Abder Khan, and recognition of his long-lost son.

*Scene 2nd.*—Room in Abder Khan's house, at Jamaica—a great deal of talk about nothing—song, and love-match between the Shepherdess and Drolinsko—Abder Khan's preparation for satisfaction, and his departure for Hoboken.

*Scene 3rd, and last.*—Outer wall of Castiron's Garden at Jersey—Intended marriage of Olinska and the Count—timely arrival of MAZEP-PA—marriage ceremony stopped—discovery of Satinette—the threat—Jersey darkies never surrender—then pop goes your weazole. *Great destruction and triumph of MAZEP-PA. Grand Tableau.*

 NOTICE.—Some two months are supposed to have elapsed between the 1st and 2nd Acts.

## ORIGINAL CAST OF CHARACTERS.

### P O L E S .

*Castiron*, of Hoboken, a darky full of airs, living above his means,..... Mr. F. Wise,  
*Count Coleslaw*, some punks, and a favorite of the Castiron,..... " J. Nell,  
*Drolinsko*, a busy-body servant,..... " Fox,  
*Sentinel*, looking out for chicken thieves,..... " Mecker,  
*Olinska*, daughter of the Castiron,..... " Vincent,

### T A R T A R S .

*Ahder Khan*, cream of Tartar, and boss white-washer of Jamaica, L. I.,..... " Carroll,  
*Mazeppa*, his son, under the assumed name of Satinette,..... " C. White,  
*Thamer*, a conspirator,..... " Carroll,  
*Shepherdess*, of Long Island,..... " Donnelly.

---

### P R O P E R T I E S .

A long dagger, guitar, candle and candlestick—Strappings and dummy man for the horse—Flambeau, Liquor  
Portion and Red Fire—Piece of horse's tail—Parchment and seal—Two combat swords, small lounge or bank—  
Monks, Dominoe and Cross with white rope attached—Tin fish-horn, Guns, Banner, Snare-drum and Gong. Use bell  
if you have it—Small bottle, basket and towel.

Entered according to Act of Congress,  
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# M A Z E P P A .

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## A C T I.

SCENE I.—*Two set Castles, one on each side: the one on the prompt side with portable door and window—a stone wall, with moonlight view, or landscape flat, behind.*

SENTINEL,

[*Discovered on duty, walking.*

My gracious, what a cold night ! I wish dem folks in dar would get through and go home. Dear me, the night am so dark you can't see your hand afore your face [*beats his hands with cold.*] I golly, if de wind whistles through de ole man's shanty as it does through this darkey's ribs, it won't take long to blow down his shanty. Well, it's no use a talkin', de breeze howls and rattles through this poor nigger like a pint of peas in a coal-scuttle.

Enter SATINETTE, P. S.

What, some one on duty ? Well, I must get by, for I hear some one approaching this way. [*As he exits o. p. s. SENTINEL turns round and looks the reverse way.*]

SENTINEL.

Who goes there ? Eh ! “ No answer. Oh, I guess it was nuffin but a crow.” [*Beats his hands.*] I think I'll go down and make free with the old man's fire in the kitchen. [*Exits p. s.*]

SATINETTE. [*Sneaks on.*]

Make free with the old man's fire, eh ? I wouldn't have no objection to go halves with you. Oh, de dear love ! the flermometer must be way up above Zebra. Ah, dar they are, carousing in good things while I am perishing with cold ! What an idea, the old man won't

allow me in his house because I couldn't dress as nice as the rest of them. Ah Castiron, that excuse won't do, I know more than you think I does. No matter, I come here to serenade my dear Olinska and I'll do it if Hackensack Jail should be my reward. [MUSIC. *He sings song.*]

Dearest Olinska, open your window!  
 Your love is here, waiting for you,  
 Come love let's away, it's near break of day,  
 The night is so cold, I no longer can stay.  
 The roosters are crowing now, if I'm catched there'll be a row,  
 Then hasten love and fly with me ;  
 Come love, come, and fly with me,  
 Come love ! Come love ! Come love, and fly with me.  
 Olinska ! Olinska ! Ah, a light.

OLINSKA.

[Appears at the window with candle in hand.]

What, Satinette!—you here—fly ! fly from this place, do. Think should my father hear this how he would chastise me.

SATINETTE.

Oh, honey ! Don't put on airs.

OLINSKA.

Satinette, if you love me, do leave this place. Think of my father.

SATINETTE.

A thousand tyrant fathers I would brave  
 For thee, my lov'd Olinska save !

OLINSKA.

Dear Satinette, do leave this spot. I will not listen to your tales of love beneath the dark mask of night—think if my father knew this how he would chastise me.

SATINETTE.

Oh go down and win the old man's heart to our cause, and Satinette will be the happiest darkey in all Hoboken.

OLINSKA.

" Fly." Fly at once—some one comes, I must away.

SATINETTE.

Ah ! don't go yet.

## OLINSKA.

[Slams the window-shut. Exit as it closes on the instant, SATINETTE says,] Pop goes my weazole, that's always the way, "that's about as near as I ever come to any thing." Hallo, I guess the company is leaving for home. Some one comes this way, I'll just hide and take an observation. [Hides behind castle on o. p. s.]

Enter DROLINSKO. [Yawning.]

Get up, you lazy varlets, its broad day. Dear me I couldn't get any rest last night. There they've been blowing all night about some old kicking hoss, and a feller by the name of Satinette. Now I shouldn't wonder if it was that young man that they picked up in the woods a great while ago. One thing I do know, the old man don't like him very much, and I can't find out the reason. Now for my part, I think he's a very quiet young feller.

Enter SATINETTE. [Hides his face and coughs.]

DROLINSKO.

Hallo, that man has heard all I said.

SATINETTE.

You was speaking of me.

DROLINSKO.

Was I? Well, I didn't say anything bad about you.

SATINETTE.

It's well you did not. [He turns around to DROLINSKO and makes himself known.] Ha! ha! Drolinsko, it's only me, didn't you know me. The night was so very cold I thought I would put on this old coat, the stage driver left it hanging in the stable, and I assure you it has kept me very comfortable during the past five or six hours.

DROLINSKO.

Why, have you been up all night too?

SATINETTE.

Yes, and have made nothing by it either. Now Drolinsko, I want you to assist me. You'r the old man's great favorite, and it's well known that he dor't like me much. Now tell me, what took place in the house last night. [Gives money.] Here's a shilling for you.

[DROLINSKO takes it.] Was the Count Coleslau there, or did the old man mention anything about a marriage?

DROLINSKO.

Well, yes ; I believe he did say something about marrying his daughter to some rich man that keeps an oyster cellar. [MUSIC chord.]

SATINETTE. [Staggers at this news.]

Oh, that smashed my gizzard.

DROLINSKO.

Why, what's the matter with you ?

SATINETTE,

Oh, Drolinsko, don't tell me any more news like that, it's dear at any price.

DROLINSKO.

I'll tell you a good deal more if you give me another shilling.

SATINETTE.

'Shaw ! Drolinsko you don't understand me. 'Shew, [he whispers.] these very walls hab ears.

DROLINSKO.

[Looks around.] Ears, I don't see any ears.

SATINETTE.

No, no ; if old Castiron should discover us in this privacy together, he'd tie a stone to our necks and throw us in the river. Ah, some one is stirring, it's now near daylight ; get in Drolinsko, and be careful you don't say anything about this. I must be off, some one is coming. Remember ! [Hides behind the castle on o. p. side.]

DROLINSKO.

[Making his exit. 1st entrance p. s.] Well, there ; I kind a broiled his hash. My gracious ! that 'ere man give me a shilling. [Exit.]

Enter COUNT COLESLAU, from the castle, drunk.

[Laughing.] Eh ! eh ! eh ! D—m me if I don't believe I'm drunk.

Well, it's worth it when there's a pretty girl in the case. Now then, I think I have got everything all right, and de old man is determined dat I shall have de fair Olinska.

SATINETTE.

That neber shall be.

COUNT COLESLAU.

If I only get dat gal, we'll be de gayest couple I know of, but after all what's de use, she don't want me, and widout de heart, what's de use ob de hand. Perhaps some feller richer den me. 'Shaw! [He discovers SATINETTE.] Well, sir, who are you.

SATINETTE.

A darkey chock full ob rage.

COLESLAU.

What business have you here?

SATINETTE.

That's no business of yours.

COLESLAU.

What do you want?

SATINETTE.

A chance to squeeze your wizen.

COLESLAU.

What murder me?

SATINETTE.

Just as liv' do it.

COLESLAU.

Your name?

SATINETTE.

Oh, I ain't got time to tell you.

COLESLAU.

What! dare you insult me.

SATINETTE.

Aye, and stick you too. [He stabs him.] Ah, ah, Count Coleslau, Satinette has cooked your mutton.

[Count staggers and falls.] Exit SATINETTE O. P. S.

COLESLAU.

Oh, help! murder!

[Gas up.] Enter DROLINSKO, SENTINEL, OLINKA and CASTIRON.

CASTIRON.

Yonder goes the villain. Quick! pursue him. [DROLINSKO and SENTINEL go after him.] Ah, the count.

[OLINSKA and CASTIRON help the Count up.]

Oh who 'ere has done this shall feel the vengeance of Hoboken's king. He revives—thanks for our timely arrival—ah ! they've caught the villain. [Enter DROLINSKO and SENTINEL having SATINETTE with them. MUSIC.] Raise his hat that we may see this cold-blooded villain. [DROLINSKO raises his hat.]

ALL Speak.

Satinette! [MUSIC chord.]

SATINETTE.

I, Satinette.

DROLINSKO.

The very man that gave me a shilling.

CASTIRON.

My suspicions were true, it turned out as I expected, but my friend shall be revenged. I'll take the law in my own hands. Tremble ungrateful colored man at de punishment for outraged hospitality. Lead the black scoundrel in de barn, strip him of dem second hand clothes dat he has so degraded. Away with him. [They bear him off.]

OLINSKA.

Oh ! Father, spare him.

CASTIRON.

Let no one in my house have sympathy for such a black snake who would raise his arm against my friend, under de roof dat gib him wit-tals.

*Enter DROLINSKO.*

Now say, see here, Mr. Castiron, he's a real nice young feller and it's no use of being so hard.

CASTIRON.

Drolinsko, all supplications now are useless ; bring him here on the instant, that he may hear his doom. [SATINETTE is brought in by DROLINSKO and SENTINEL.] Lead out the fiery untamed steed, prepare strong clothes lines, and strap lashings round the villain ; then secure him to the horse's back ; make up bon-fires and torches every-where; set fire to all de meadows ; roll barrels down de mountain tops, dat de racket and glaring blaze may cast dar gloom across de

night. Dis moment let my vengeance be accomplished ! Away ! [Exit all. MUSIC. Wrestles with them ; breaks loose, and embraces OLINSKA. They are separated and SATINETTE is borne off.—Scene changes to the run of rocks—Dark stage.]

Enter CASTIRON, OLINSKA, and the COUNT, P. S.

CASTIRON. [Somewhat enraged.]

Ungrateful girl, it's all your fault ; no matter, I'm determined on having his life, and no power can assuage my vengeance.

COUNT COLESLAU.

Castiron, let me entreat you to overlook it ; for my part I care not, but for Olinska's sake.

CASTIRON.

Count, you blow in vain ; he's a rival of yours.

Enter DROLINSKO, partially crying.

Say, Mr. Castiron, we've got him tied on the horse's back, and he pleads so hard I think you oughter let him go.

CASTIRON, [Very impatient.]

Drolinsko, is he on the horse's back.

DROLINSKO.

Yes, sir.

CASTIRON.

Then if you would save that china head of thine, obey my orders. Now, bring forth the maddened steed. Let scorching suns, and piercing blasts ; devouring hunger and parching thirst ; constant bruises and endless scratches, rend the vile nigger piece-meal by piece-meal. Now launch the traitor forth, and let the story of his fate strike terror to all Jersey. [DROLINSKO goes to horse, brings him out and starts him up the run.—All form picture.—Drum. Red fire and Curtain.]

END OF 1st ACT.—TIME, 16 MINUTES.

---

A C T I I.

SCENE 1.—Interior of tent.—A small lounge or box covered with a skin or cloth.—Combat-sword hanging on the flat.

Enter DROLINSKO running, most out of breath.

Well, well, well ; here I am at last, and a pretty chase I've had of

it. Oh my, that little hoss ; dear me, he gets along faster than a locomotive. Over fences, through ditches and woods, mud way up to your neck, then way across the river. Oh, my ; just as he got to the river I thought I had him, I catched hold of his tail, and just at that minute he give one jump and left his tail behind. [Shows the tail.] Now, how lucky too, to be brought right home by his own father's door. Oh, the people say his daddy's very rich. I hope it is so, for he's a nice young man, and if I behave myself who knows but what he may give me a sitavation. Well, I musn't stop here, I'll go and find out more about it. He's the vrv man that give me a shilling. [Exit, running p. s.]

MUSIC, *Pistacarto.*

Enter SATINETTE. *Last stage of life, staggers and falls.*

Enter THAMER, *the conspirator.*

In vain will ABDER dream his new found boy shall defeat my purpose and enjoy the old man's business. No, no ; too long have I slaved for that interest, and I have sworn to have it. My entrance here has been sly, and fate favors my design. "He sleeps." Myself will strike the blow, for my sword is thirsty for the stripling's blood. [Approaches Mazeppa.] And now a surer plan glances across my mind. I'll kill the old man himself, then have the crime charged to this new found stranger, who then will dispute my right to the boss's business ? [Goes to couch, wakes Mazeppa.] Young man ?

SATINETTE.

Go way, the hoss will kick you.

THAMER.

Be wise and yield to my plans. Sign your name to this paper, renouncing all your claim and expectation hereafter to the old man's business, and you shall live ; refuse, and you die !

SATINETTE.

Oh, do I dream on what I have often heard, that my father was rich.

THAMER.

Will you sign ?

SATINETTE.

No, no ! If I have a parent, I'll see him first. I sign nothing, nothing.

THAMER.

You have pronounced your doom.

SATINETTE.

[*Rising.*] What, would'st kill me? Oh what a cruel colored man. Do not take my life, I've suffered enough already. [*He sees a sword hanging up—grabs at it.*] What, a sword? Oh you sassy nigger, I've tackled bigger fellers dan you before, and I'll hab one crack at you, anyhow.

MUSIC and combat.—THAMER subdued, exits.

Oh, thanks to this good arm—mercy! I fear I'm dying. Oh my, help! help! I faint! Oh drink! [*He sinks down on the couch.*]

Enter SHEPERDESS.

Oh, dear me, I was never so frightened in all my life. I won't go to that Dutchman's any more for eggs. It's a real shame, there's one of the nicest young men I ever see has come all the way across the river on a horse. I wish he was in his right senses so as he could see me, I'm sure he would fall in love with me, because I'm very good-looking, and I know it. Well, it won't do for me to stand here talking, I must go down and tell that good old man, and I'm sure he will help him. [*She turns around and discovers SATINETTE.*] Dear me, there he is; now I believe he's a fairy. I've a great mind to speak to him. I will. [*Goes up to SATINETTE, touches him,*] say—

SATINETTE.

What, do you want to fight again?

SHEPERDESS.

Oh, he's all there, sure enough, what there is of him.

SATINETTE.

Help, help! A drink!

SHEPERDESS raises him up.

Oh my, what a pity to suffer so.

SATINETTE.

My good friend, if you have any feeling, give me a drink.

SHEPERDESS.

Yes, I will if you'll wait a minute. I'll go to the grocery store and get you some—

SATINETTE,

Bring me some spruce beer.

SHEPERDESS.

I'll fetch you something better than that. [Exit.]

SATINETTE.

Quick, quick! Some gin and sugar. Oh, I can't stand—I'm choaking—Oh, mercy! Help! help! [Falls on the couch, exhausted.]

*Enter ABDER KHAN, SHEPERDESS, and DROLINSKO.*

[ABDER KHAN is supported by both.]

ABDER KHAN.

Where, where, is the wounded and exhausted stranger? Why stand ye idle and indifferent when perhaps your cares might succor human woe?

SHEPERDESS.

There lays the poor fellow.

ABDER KHAN.

No doubt he has had great perils. [Takes his arm.] Ah, what signs and characters now meet my sight? like the bright lightning's blaze it flashes on my soul. A miracle has been wrought. Read! read! See, the very numbers—my coat of arms' indelible. It is my son—my long lost child. Oh, heaven! receive an old man's thanks.

SHEPERDESS.

Observe the characters well; they may be the work of an imposter.

ABDER KHAN.

Oh, no; behold dis hand, the emblem of all my success! Myself affixed it there; sweet conviction of my soul.

[ALL CHARACTERS speak.] WHAT! Four, eleven and forty-four.

[ALL speak again.] 'The old man's gig.' It is indeed my child!

[DROLINSKO helps old man to raise him from the couch.]

SATINETTE.

Don't hold me so fast. Kill me at once. Oh, these ropes cut into my flesh.

ABDER KHAN.

Poor boy; he is deranged.

---

DROLINSKO.

Say, don't you know me ?

SATINETTE.

That voice—Eh, speak again.

DROLINSKO.

Why, it's me ; your old friend.

SATINETTE.

Where ? oh—what you, Drolinsko ? [Throws his head on DROLINSKO's bosom—DROLINSKO smooths the top of his hair.] Yes, yes ; I know you. You are the only friend I ever had.

ABDER KHAN.

Ah, noble boy ; embrace your father.

SATINETTE.

No, no ; niggers neber hab any fathers.

DROLINSKO.

Yes, they do : that's your father.

SATINETTE.

No, Drolinsko, they do say that darkeys am a spontaneous production from ole Virginy. I neber had any father.

ABDER KHAN.

Yes you have, my boy ; and he now stands before you. Come, my boy.

SATINETTE. [Looks at DROLINSKO who nods.]

Is that my father ? [He embraces the old man.]

ABDER KHAN.

Oh, my son ; I'm old and shattered now, unfit for public service. No longer shall the task be mine. Behold, and mark me ; this brave youth, Mazeppa, my long lost son, we hail him king and boss of Jamaica. [Drum rolls, and shouts. SATINETTE kneels.]

SATINETTE.

What—my dream is out. But a short time since I was a poor nigger—then a felon, and now a king. Father, I thank you ; but take it back, for all the world could not make me happy now.

ABDER KHAN.

And why not, my boy ?

---

SATINETTE.

Oh, daddy ; I'm a love sick nigger, stuck to the bery gizzard  
ABDER KHAN.

And cannot you obtain the object of your affection.

SATINETTE.

No, father ; no.

AEDER KHAN.

Then let us know the worst, and why.

SATINETTE.

Drolinsko knows the story well. We both worked for one man, his name was Castiron ; his heart was harder than his name. One night he gave a party. I was refused admittance to his household because I dar'd to love his daughter. That night my rival was there the Count Coleslau. I lay off' about the garden with a heart full of jealousy, and when my rival came forth I struck him a blow with the intent of taking his life, but whether I did or not, I cannot tell. I made my escape—was pursued and brought back, when old Castiron took the law in his own hands and punished me most cruelly. They sent to Wehawken—catch'd a wild horse that had been a terror to the neighborhood for years—tied me to his back with strong bed cords—they lashed me firm, and started him over rivers, through fields, ditches ; through thickets and lakes of mud ; scratched, torn and mangled day after day—when, to add still to this great horror, the horse took me across the river—bumpty bump went my head against the big cakes of ice, while every fibre of this body was ready to crack with the piercing colds. Headlong he dashed till I grew insensible of the rest, and I suppose he brought me to where I now am, and this poor body is so lacerated, that I never, never can revive. That's all I know of it.

AEDER KHAN.

This aged arm shall help to shield thee, and the horse that bore you to your home shall bear you to your triumph. To-morrow's dawn we will away ; our little force shall make the tyrant's wall tremble. Aye, tremble.

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SATINETTE.

[*Shakes him by the hand.*] Bully for you, dad. Father, I like your proposition. All I want is two chimney sweeps and a boot black, and Jersey is ours. Colored people, hear me! Since the old man has invested his right in me, listen. Everybody on deck at five in the morning—we go for Hoboken whole hog or nothing.

ABDER KHAN.

My son, thy triumph is certain. All our colored sogers are ready and wait for de word. [*All shout and Exit. 1st R. E.*]

Scene 2nd changes to Fancy Chamber.

SHEPERDESS.

That's just like me, I'm always disappointed. That young man it appears has fell in love long before he come here; I wish he had not, I might have been Queen of Long Island; but I'm determined to get married if I have to marry that young man that has got but one eye down the street. Oh, dear me, I must go and get the stranger something to eat.

*Enter DROLINSKO.*

Say.

SHEPERDESS.

I'm in a great hurry.

DROLINSKO.

Oh, I won't keep you a minute.

SHEPERDESS.

Oh, I'm afraid of you. You won't touch me, will you?

DROLINSKO.

No. You want to get married, don't you?

SHEPERDESS.

Yes, I'm bound to get married. Can't you go back to Jersey and get me another nice young man like that one that come here on the horse.

DROLINSKO.

Do you like him?

SHEPERDESS.

Yes.

DROLINSKO.

Well, would you like a cousin of his?

SHEPERDESS.

Oh, yes ; is he good looking ?

DROLINSKO.

Yes ; bery good-looking, bery.

SHEPERDESS.

Well, is he noble and brave ?

DROLINSKO.

Yes, bery valiant and brave

SHEPERDESS.

Oh, where is he ; where is he ?

DROLINSKO.

Why, here I am ; here.

SHEPERDESS.

Oh, no ; I thank you—I'd rather not. I like something of a different figure altogether.

DROLINSKO.

Don't you like my figure ?

SHEPERDESS.

No.

DROLINSKO.

Well, I was very noble and brave ; didn't I follow the horse all the way across the river—here's a piece of his tail I pulled out. [Shows the tail.]

SHEPERDESS.

Oh, do give me a blade of that hair ; I'll keep it forever

DROLINSKO.

What would you do with it ?

SHEPERDESS.

Why, I'd keep it around my neck.

DROLINSKO.

Take care you don't hang yourself with it.

SHEPERDESS.

No, I want to get married first.

DROLINSKO.

Don't you like some great man like Greeley, or Kossuth ?

SHEPERDESS.

No, I've seen his picture, I don't like him.

DROLINSKO.

Don't you like an uproar singer, or an actor.

SHEPERDESS.

Yes, I like dem actor fellers.

DROLINSKO.

Well, I'm an uproar singer ; I used to sing up to the greasy uproar with Sig Mushroom.

SHEPERDESS.

Did you ? Why, you are not so bad-looking after all. Can't you sing me something ?

DROLINSKO.

Yes : I'll sing you a song that I used to sing for a gal that was struck with my appearance. [Sings *Rat Catcher's Daughter, or any other comic song.*]

SHEPERDESS.

I don't know as I can do any better. I'll take you, if you always let me have my way.

DROLINSKO.

[They lock arms.] Oh, I'm going to be murdered. [Exit both.]  
Scene 3rd changes.—Wall of Castiron's garden—2nd castle set pieces  
—the wall made of boxes to tumble down.—Dark stage.]

Enter MAZEPPA, [disguised as a priest.]

Well, who would have thought that so short a time would make so great a change. Oh, lucky chance this for me, to arrive on the very day, too, when the fair, Olinska is about to be married to the count. They sent for a minister to perform the ceremony, and by cunningness, I have undertaken the job. Should they recognise me, all would be lost. Ah, Castiron, this will indeed be a grand wedding day. They come.

Enter COUNT COLESLAU and CASTIRON, leading OLINKA by the hand.

CASTIRON.

Daughter, do not be so sad, 'tis your wedding-day, my child ; cheer up. You know 'tis the law of Jersey that when a man get's in debt, they put him in Hackensack Jail.

MAZEPPA.

Yes, indeed !

CASTIRON.

And as my farm is mortgaged for more than its value, I see no other way of getting out of the scrape than by marrying you to the count. It can be done in private, as I have all the preliminaries so arranged.

OLINSKA.

Dear father, I love Satinette.

MAZEPPA.

Thanks for dat, 'twas worth a thousand.

OLINSKA.

Yet to save you, [weeping] I will consent to this cruel separation.

CASTIRON.

Besides, Satinette must be dead, he never could outlived that dreadfull doom. [Crosses to the Count.] Count, I hope you have not forgot the money and the mortgage ?

COUNT COLESLAU.

All right, sir ; [side speech.] I ain't got a cent.

CASTIRON.

Come, my child. [Takes her hand.] Count, your hand, [joins them.] Take her, make her happy, for a father's blessing goes with her. [They both take hands, turn and face up stage.] Now then, Mr. Preacher man, perform the solemn ceremony.

MAZEPPA.

Yes, sir'ee. Colored people, you both stand here now about to commit an act which may make one or the other miserable for life. Oh, think well on this important task ere it is too late. [CASTIRON pulls OLINSKA by the skirt to cheer up. Old man, no hunching dar. Colored woman, I now put the question to you first ; Does you take this man

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for your lawfull wedded husband, to love, honor, and obey ? [OLINSKA sinks and sobs.]

COLESLAU.

She shrinks.

MAZEPPA.

Yes ; there's something heavy on her heart. Colored man, I now put the question to you ; Does you take this woman for your lawful wife, for better or for worser ?

COLESLAU.

Yes, with all my heart.

MAZEPPA. [*Pushes their hands asunder.*]

Hold ! I forbid these sacreligious nuptials. I love the fair Olinska in heart, spirit, and soul. She's mine—by early vows we sworn our love to each other.

CASTIRON.

And who are you that talks thus ?

MAZEPPA.

One who you should know full well, old Castiron. Does't remember a boy that you tied to a horse's back, and started on his mad career with the intent of taking his life ? That little horse did not ride him to death as you thought ; but bore him in safety to his own father's door. He now comes back to claim his love. 'Tis I, Satinette ! [*Throws open his disguise and exits.*]

CASTIRON.

Pursue him. A death more certain this time shall punish him for his presumption.

[ABDER KHAN appears back of the wall in sight.]

ABDER KHAN.

Stay ! you Jersey niggers. Injure one hair of that brave youth's head, and your old shanty shall be a heap of ruins soaked in blood. Speak but one word, and let Olinska be the pledge of peace.

CASTIRON.

No, never. I'll stick to dis crab till I die, and wid my last drop defend her. We defy you.

## ABDER KHAN.

Then, go in lemons. [Blows fish-horn—The soldiers discharge three or four shots outside.—Rush in—push down wall—subdue their men. Enter MAZEPPA with pony—gives him in charge of DROLINSKO—he kneels with OLINSKA—old man blesses them.—A general picture—Hurrah, and drum—Red fire and Curtain.

THE END.

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## ORIGINAL CAST OF CHARACTERS.

*Post Office Sam*, a negro letter carrier, ..... Mr. C. White,  
*Mr. Wagner*, a lover, or dashing young fellow in love with Lucy ..... “ Warwick,  
*Mrs. Nipper*, a house-keeper and mother of Lucy, ..... Mrs. Barnett,  
*Lucy*, a girl of all-work, and in love with Wagner, ..... Rose Merrifield.



## COSTUMES.

**POST OFFICE SAM**—Jockey cap, Yankee trousers, and fancy coat.  
**WAGNER**—White pants with red patch on the right seat. Fancy light coat, one tail basted on right side; white vest, gloves, and cane. Fancy hat, bosom, and eye-glass.  
**LUCY**—Plain domestic dress.  
**MRS. NIPPER**—Old woman in reduced circumstances.



## P R O P E R T I E S.

White muslin bag, 7 feet long—bowl with flour—Table and 2 chairs—eight blank letters—1 carpet bag, any old things in it, such as calicoes, or towels, paper, &c.—Drover's Whip.

# UNITED STATES MAIL.

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## A C T I.

SCENE 1.—*Plain chamber—Door in flat, left hand—Common table and two chairs in centre—carpet bag on table.*

[MRS. NIPPER discovered at the table.]

MRS. NIPPER.

There, I think I shall go to the store and get me some little extras. I expect company this evening, and I have scarcely time now to fix anything for the table. [Clock strikes eight.] I declare it's eight o'clock already. I wonder where that Lucy is, [calling aloud] Lucy ! Lucy ! [Seats herself at table and empties bag, preparing to go out.]

LUCY.

[Answering from outside.]

Yes, mother ; yes, mother, coming.

MRS. NIPPER.

Oh, I'm so sorry that Mr. Wagner can't be with us this evening—he's such a nice lively fellow.

LUCY.

Oh, yes, mother, he's a splendid young man, and he promised to write to me and inform me when he would come down. But even if he should write, there is no knowing when a body would get the letter, as there is no regularity with the carriers now they are all such a stupid set of black apes.

MRS. NIPPER.

Now, Lucy ; go down stairs, see to the things, and mind that all is prepared, and if any of the music comes, keep them playing outside, as it will prove very attractive and make people talk about it.  
[*Exit R. H.*]

LUCY.

[*Moving about very lively.*] Yes, mar'm ; I'll go at once, and [talking to the audience,] if my dear Wagner should only happen to come, I wouldn't care if all the rest of the company would starve to death. [*Exit, L. H.*]

SCENE 2d.—Song.

LUCY.

Now if I could only send a letter to my dear Wagner, and get an answer in time ; I am sure I should feel a great deal easier than I do now. Ah, me ; it seems so strange he didn't let me know before this, and here I've been waiting and waiting this live long day anxiously expecting a letter. However, I won't give up yet, for who knows but one of them stupid black letter carriers might appear the next moment. [*Sits down at the table again sewing and singing.*]

[*Knocking heard outside.*]

POST OFFICE SAM.

Hallo ! hallo, there ! I say missus, open de door—open de door.

LUCY.

[*Stopping work and looking at the door.*] Who's there ?

POST OFFICE SAM.

It's me—it's me.

LUCY.

Well, who is me ?

POST OFFICE SAM.

Why, it's me ; de Post Office.

LUCY.

I wonder who it is ; I'll go and see.

[LUCY opens door and retires to left corner of stage, not noticing POST OFFICE SAM.]

Post Office Sam, [Enters.]

I, golly ; what a nice young lady.

LUCY.

[Turning round and noticing Post Office Sam.] Well, sir ; what do you want?

Post Office Sam.

I'se got a letter for your missus.

LUCY. [Overjoyed.]

A letter for me ?

Post Office Sam.

Yes, missus—yes, indeed.

LUCY. [Aside.]

Oh, thanks—from my dear Wagner.

Post Office Sam.

No, missus ; I didn't bring it in a waggon.

LUCY.

Well, sir ; give me my letter.

Post Office Sam.

[Getting down on his knees looking for the letter.] Yes, missus ; hold on till I find 'em. I, golly ; now if dat lady couldn't read, wouldn't I be in a nice fix.

LUCY. [Very impatient.]

Dear, me ; I don't believe the fellow can read. Why, sir ; you are opening those letters. Don't you know you have no right to do that ?

Post Office Sam.

Oh, yes, missus ; I always do dat, kase dat's de way I get de postage.

LUCY.

What kept you so long, the mail's can't be very regular.

Post Office Sam.

Yes, missus ; de mails am very unregular. Some ob 'em stays out all night.

LUCY.

Dear, me; I'm quite out of patience. Haven't you found my letter yet?

POST OFFICE SAM.

Well, I can't tell toder from which. I'll mix 'em all up togeder and let her pick, one is just as good as de toder, kase dar ain't noffin' in any ob em. [POST OFFICE SAM gets up, presents whole bundle—she picks one out.]

LUCY.

This is my letter, you stupid goose.

POST OFFICE SAM.

I, golly ; dat was bery lucky she pick de right one. I just listen and see what's goin' on ; ma'by I have a chance to make something [LUCY reads letter. POST OFFICE SAM listens to contents of letter.]

LUCY. [Written letter.]

“ Dear Lucy :—You may expect me under your window this evening at half-past eleven, with a party of friends, to give you, as the dandies say, a grand Slamanade.

[Side speech by POST OFFICE SAM.]

Yes, an' I'll be dar to slam 'em in de head wid a large brick.

“ —Lucy, be careful and wrap yourself up warm, and not expose your delicate form to the rude blasts and circumserucious effects of the night air.

“ Your's in haste,

WAGNER.”

[LUCY folds up the letter—places it in her pocket or bosom—turns and speaks to POST OFFICE SAM.]

Well, sir ; you can go.

POST OFFICE SAM.

Yes, mam. You mean go out.

LUCY.

Yes, sir ; right out de same way you come in.

POST OFFICE SAM.

Yes ; right out from de same door, den turn and—

LUCY

Yes, sir—yes, sir—that's the way.

POST OFFICE SAM. [*Coming back.*]

Well, I ain't a going.

LUCY.

What, sir?

POST OFFICE SAM. [*Putting out his hand.*]

LUCY. [*Pointing.*]

What do you mean by that, sir?

POST OFFICE SAM.

Come, come, missus ; don't be so ignamus. You know what I mean,  
I want de postage.

LUCY. [*A little astonished.*]

Oh ! Ah—yes, the postage, How much is it, sir ?

POST OFFICE SAM.

Free shilling, mam.

LUCY.

La, me ! three shillings. Why, how far did you briug it ?

POST OFFICE SAM.

Oh, I brought it furder dan dat.

LUCY.

You impudent scoundrel. I shan't pay you one cent.

POST OFFICE SAM.

What ! You want to rob de mail ?

[Noise outside representing a Band of Musicians, talking, tuning &c., or just about begining to play. POST OFFICE SAM and LUCY in great fright, for fear of being discovered.]

LUCY.

Dear me; what shall I do. Oh, my ; to be discovered here with this horrid black man. I shall be ruined.

POST OFFICE SAM.

[Frightened.] Who's dat, missus ?

LUCY.

That's a party of my friends, and if they catch you here, they will murder you.

POST OFFICE SAM.

What murder de United States' Mail ?

LUCY.

Oh, you black rascal, why didn't you go out when I told you.

POST OFFICE SAM.

Kase, missus ; I'se like a candle. I neber go out till I'm put out—blow'd out, or burnt out.

LUCY.

Be quiet, you black devil. I have it.

POST OFFICE SAM.

Well, I'm glad ob it ; I've waited long enough.

LUCY. [*Bringing a long white bag.*]

Here, you black rascal, get in this.

POST OFFICE SAM.

What's dat ?

LUCY.

Why, that's a bag, and I want you to get in it.

POST OFFICE SAM.

Me get in dat bag—what me ? I, golly, missus : you can't bag me. No, no ; indeed you ain't a going to spoil my nice clothes, no how.

LUCY.

Now do, Mr. Post Office ; do let me persuade you.

POST OFFICE SAM.

Missus, I'll get in dat bag on one sideration.

LUCY.

Well, what's that ?

POST OFFICE SAM.

Why, if you gib me something to eat and pays me de postage, I'll get in de bag.

LUCY.

Very well, very well ; I'll do anything.

POST OFFICE SAM. [*Speaking aside.*]

Now, who knows but I might make something by dis. Dar's one thing certain ; if I do get in dat bag, I'll have a chance to find out who her beau is. Besides, I'll just lay my cap down dar, and when he come in, he'll get jealous ob course, and dat will make a muss between 'em.

[Noise heard outside by the music.]

LUCY.

Come, come, sir ; hurry.

POST OFFICE SAM.

Hold de bag open.

[She holds the bag—he tries to get in. She goes to the door and on her return finds he is not in the bag.

LUCY.

Oh, you stupid fool, you are not in the bag. [LUCY takes the bag and gives him a push.] Here, sir, be quick ; hurry, oh dear. [Great scabble with the bag, he tries to get in it.]

POST OFFICE SAM.

Hold de bag open, missus. Dar, I got one leg in. I say, missus ; put my coat tail in. Dar, dat's right.

LUCY.

There now—remain quiet, that's a good fellow.

[Lucy tries to shove his head down in the bag, and he works it out again, which business is repeated three or four times.]

There, that was a very lucky idea of mine, and now, if he remains quiet, all will be right.

[Music plays some waltz or polka from the wing.]

Enter WAGNER, R. H.

There, gentleman ; that will do, you can now retire, and I will settle with you all in the morning. Ah, my dear Lucy ; I am glad to see you.

LUCY.

What detained you so long ? I began to think you was not coming.

WAGNER.

Well, I had some little business with a friend of mine, and talked a little over my time. But why didn't you open the door on my arrival.

LUCY.

I was arranging my toilet.

WAGNER. [Aside.]

Toilet?

LUCY. [*Aside.*]

Now for a little quarrel. Look here, I've got a bone to pick with you.

WAGNER. [*Astonished.*]

A bone to pick with me ?

LUCY.

Yes, a bone to pick with you.

WAGNER.

Well, I'm glad of it, I feel very hungry, Is it a ham bone, or a bone of a turkey.

LUCY.

Oh, you need not joke about the matter. I want to know who that lady was that I saw you promenading with, last Friday afternoon.

WAGNER.

Me, me ; Lucy ?

LUCY.

Yes, sir—you.

WAGNER.

What day was it ?

LUCY.

Last Friday afternoon.

WAGNER.

Now, Lucy, I know you must be mistaken ; for last Friday I went a fishing.

LUCY.

I've no doubt of it, sir.

WAGNER.

Look here, Lucy : since it has come to that, I've got a bone to pick with you too.

LUCY.

Well, sir ; what have you got to say about me ?

POST OFFICE SAM.

Dat's right, gib her fits ; it sarbs her right for not paying me for de letter. I golly, I wouldn't care if he was to kill her.

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WAGNER.

I should like you to inform me who that nice looking tall gentleman was that I saw you get out of an omnibus with yesterday ; and after seeing you to the sidewalk, you took his arm very handsomely, then you both strutted gracefully along together up Broadway—ha ! ha ! how is that, Lucy ; eh ? [Side speech.] I think that will kind a a settle the hash.

LUCY.

You mean that tall gentleman ?

WAGNER.

Yes, I mean that tall gentleman.

POST OFFICE SAM.

Oh, that must have been me. [Raising the bag as high as possible.]

LUCY.

Now, dear Wagner, don't be angry and I'll tell you the truth.

WAGNER. [In a pretended passion.]

Well then, out with it, for I want to know my rival.

LUCY.

That was Mr. Banks, my French dancing master.

WAGNER.

Mr. Banks, eh ?—your French dancing master—hem !

POST OFFICE SAM.

He'll get Banks. Down de banks, I tink.

WAGNER.

Your French dancing master, was it ? Then you've been practising dancing, have you ?

LUCY.

Oh, yes ; and I am improving remarkably.

WAGNER.

Well, Lucy ; I should like you to show me some steps in dancing as I am quite a novice in that fashionable exercise.

LUCY.

Well, I have no objection. What style of dancing do you most admire ?

WAGNER.

Do you know anything about the Schottishe, fancy style—Hops, o, Kauchowker?

POST OFFICE SAM.

My gracious, he wants her to dance till it chokes her.

LUCY.

Oh, yes ; I can dance most anything in that line.

WAGNER.

Well, I ain't particular, most anything will suit.

[Lucy dances—Orchestra plays the trial dance in *La Bayadere*, the first part twice over. WAGNER stops her by calling aloud.]

Hold up!—hold up! That kind of dancing don't exactly suit my taste. I admire something in the old Virginia line.

POST OFFICE SAM. [Side speech.]

I hope dey won't play dat ; kase if dey does, I neber can keep still, and dat will spoil ebery ting.

LUCY.

Well, I can dance that too.

[Orchestra plays a Negro Jig or Reel.]

[WAGNER looks on delighted through a quizzing-glass.]

[POST OFFICE SAM begins to dance in the bag.]

[WAGNER startled at this affair.]

[LUCY pretending to be amazed.]

[POST OFFICE SAM trembles in the bag.]

WAGNER. [Enraged.]

What's that, Lucy—what's that?

LUCY. [Confounded and stammering.]

Th—th—th—tha—that's a bag of taters, my dear.

WAGNER. [Seeming to know the joke.]

A what?—what did you say?

LUCY.

A bag of taters.

[WAGNER approaches the bag on tip-toe, and lays both hands on top.]

WAGNER.

A bag of taters! I say, Lucy, if you call this a bag of taters, I'll

be d—d if that ain't the biggest tater I ever saw. It's no matter tho', go on with the dance. I'll keep my eye on the taters.

[*LUCY dances same tune again.*]

[*POST OFFICE SAM dances in the bag again.*]

WAGNER. [*Cries aloud.*]

Stop! stop!—Hold up—hold up, I say. Now look here, Lucy; I have no objection to your dancing, and have no objection to dance with you; but I don't want that d—d bag of taters to join in the chorus. [*He approaches the bag and turns it topsy-turvy.—LUCY entreats him to withhold, but all to no effect.*]

WAGNER.

I'll just see if I can't peel these taters.

[*WAGNER takes hold of the bag by the feet and tries to get it off.*]

[*POST OFFICE SAM discovered.—Picture all three.*]

WAGNER.

Lucy, this must be a Carolina potatoe.

POST OFFICE SAM.

I'm a damaged tater. [*Business.*] Pull it off—pull it off. Here's a nice muss for de Post Office.

[*WAGNER pulls off the bag and keeps it.*]

De mails upset, ah! ha!—dey seen who I was an' got skeered. Now, let me see, [*looking at watch,*] I've just got time to 'liver dem oder letters. But afore I go, I'll just hide away, and when dey go out I'll steal all de spoons, an' dat will just pay me for de postage an' de trouble. [*Gets up on tip-toe—discovers WAGNER who throws the bag at him. Sham fight—finally both shake hands in the midst of the bustle.*]

WAGNER.

Who are you?.

POST OFFICE SAM.

Who is you?

WAGNER.

I'm—I'm—

POST OFFICE SAM.

So be I.

---

WAGNER

What's your name?

POST OFFICE SAM.

My name is—

WAGNER.

Come, sir, out with it.

POST OFFICE SAM.

No, sir ; dat ain't my name,

WAGNER.

Well, sir ; what the devil do you want here ?

POST OFFICE SAM.

What de debil does you want here ?

LUCY.

Now, don't be angry, my dear, and I'll explain it all.

POST OFFICE SAM

I, golly ; I got de bag, an' I se a gwine to keep it. Now, if I could only get out ob de house wid it. [Rolls up the bag and stuffs it up the back of his coat.]

LUCY.

You see, according to your letter, you promised to give me a nice serenade. Well, this fellow delivered me the letter, and as I had no change to pay the postage, he refused to leave the house. Consequenty, hearing the company at the door, I thought myself in rather a peculiar predicament, and was so confused, that I hardly knew what to do ; and to save all further trouble, I insisted on his getting into that bag, and remaining perfectly quiet until a good opportunity offered for his escape.

POST OFFICE SAM.

Dat's a fac', massa ; dat's a fac'.

WAGNER.

Well, Lucy ; I believe you, and since the thing is so clearly explained, I'll forget it all. I say, you black devil, there's my hand. [They shake hands.]

POST OFFICE SAM.

Oh, yes ; I handle more dirt dan dat ebry day.

WAGNER

What do you mean by that, sir, eh ?

POST OFFICE SAM.

Oh, nuffin'—nuffin'.

WAGNER.

I say, what's that large lump on your shoulder, there ?

POST OFFICE SAM.

Don't—don't—don't trouble dat.

LUCY.

La, me ; what is it ?

POST OFFICE SAM.

Why, dat's a corn.

LUCY AND WAGNER. [Both astonished.]

My gracious ! what a place for a corn.

WAGNER.

Look here, Lucy ; suppose we make it all right again, and have a little dance just to ourselves, right here, before we admit the company. What say you, eh ?—and you, you picture of ebony, wouldn't you like to dance too ?

POST OFFICE SAM.

Oh, yes ; I'll dance if missus dar will dance wid me fust.

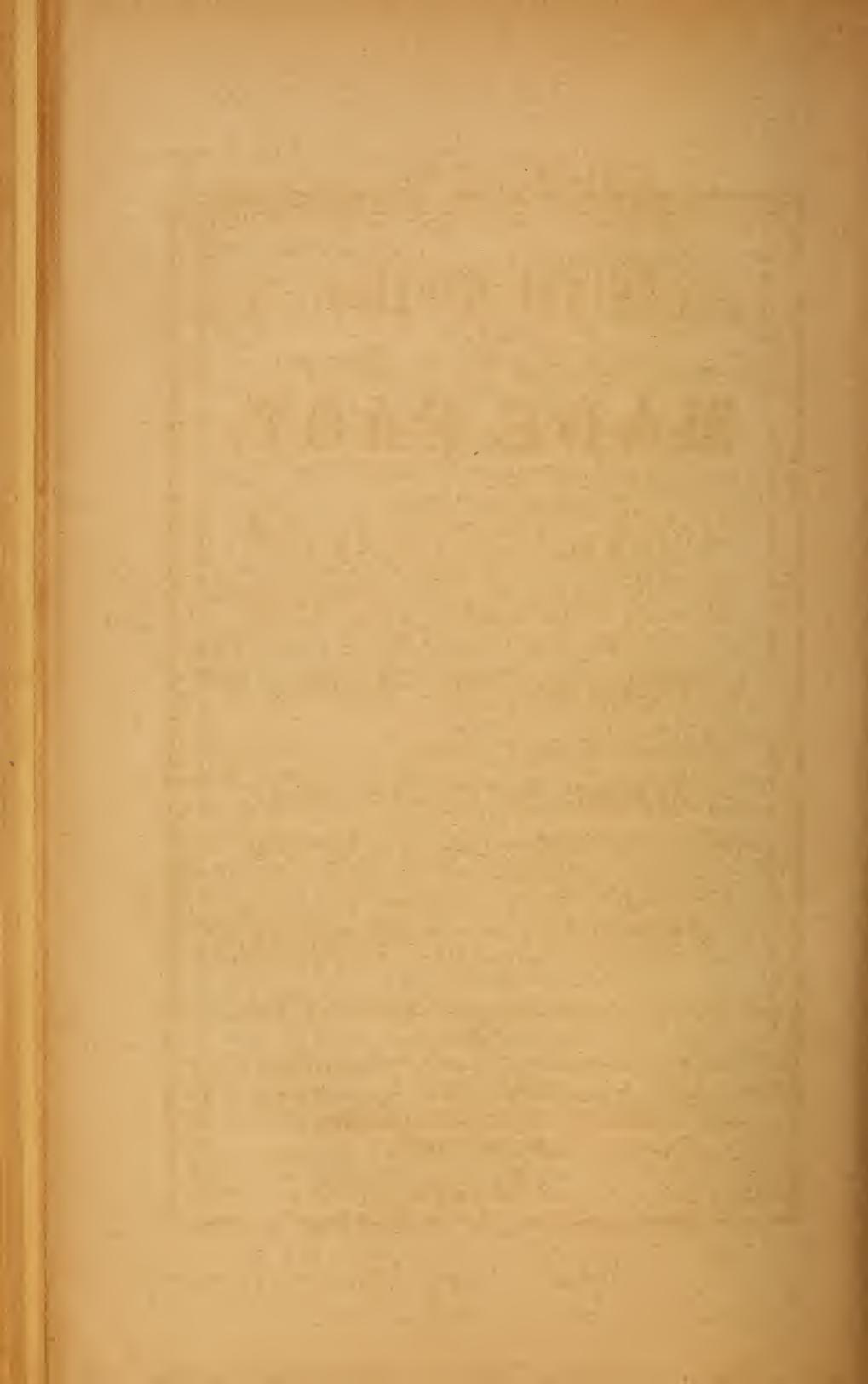
[LUCY bows consent.]

[All arrange to dance a straight reel—all reel off, and in beginning to dance, LUCY turns and dances to WAGNER. POST OFFICE SAM puts his head in between them to ask an explanation, when WAGNER pushes him away. POST OFFICE SAM pantomimes vengeance, and goes to the table—gets hand full of flour, throws it in the face of LUCY who screams and faints. WAGNER tries to secure her from falling—she backs up the stage holding on WAGNER's coat-collar. WAGNER's back is to the audience—POST OFFICE SAM seizes him by the coat-tails and jerks one off which discovers a large peculiar red patch. POST OFFICE SAM laughs heartily, pointing at the same time at WAGNER, who is in a great flurry with LUCY, &c.

*Curtain Falls.*

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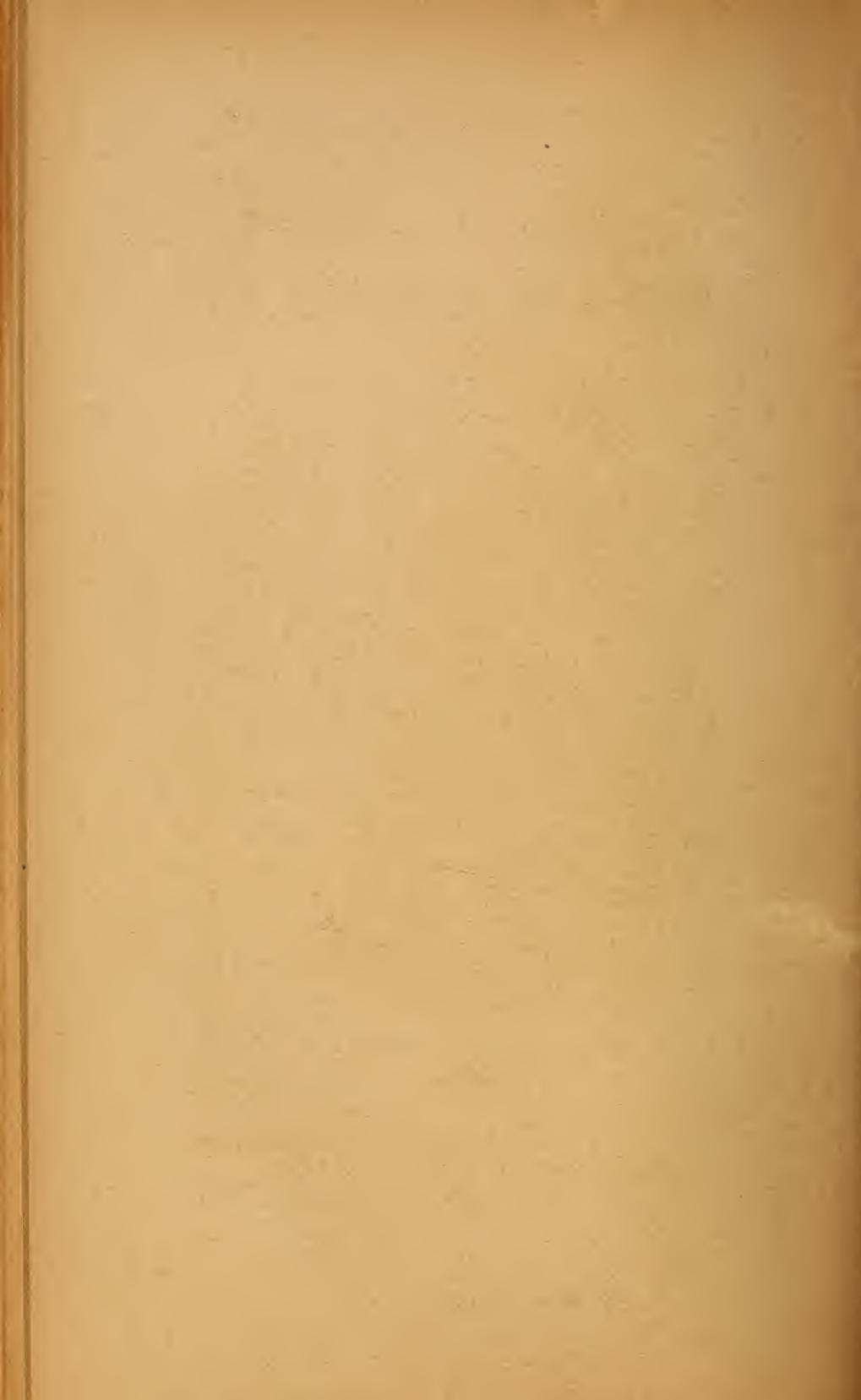
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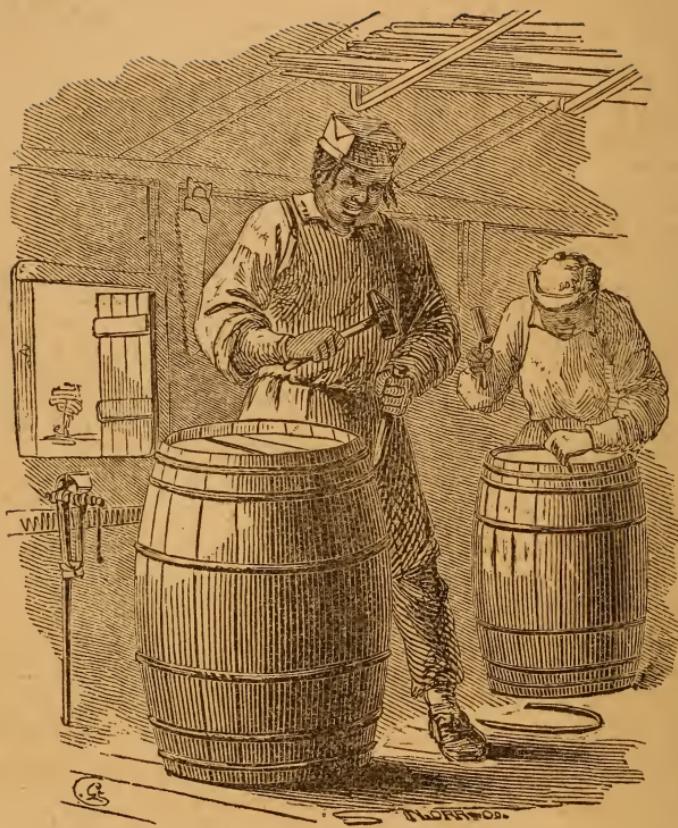
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### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

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| <i>Pete Dindrum</i> , an Apprentice,     | Mr. C. White, |
| <i>Caleb Bosker</i> , a Dumb Journeyman, | " Lamaitre,   |
| <i>Slopey</i> , a Boss Cooper,           | " Carroll,    |
| <i>Jacobs</i> ,                          | " Budworth,   |
| <i>Lizzy</i> ,                           | " Vincent,    |
| <i>Workmen</i> ,                         | " Sexton,     |
| <i>do.</i>                               | " Wambold.    |

### PROPERTIES.

Large barrel and tub—Coopers' adze and hatchet to hammer with—Market basket and cloth—Eggs, Bologna plauding, rolls of butter, candlestick, and candle lighted—Pistol or gun—Paper caps for workmen, with aprons—Money in purse—Hand-saw, dummy-legs, shaving box to lay body on, with wheels. A piece of burnt cloth under the barrel—white sheet, and mask—set cottage—Red fire.

# THE COOPERS.

---

## A C T 1.

SCENE 1.—*Wood—Landscape—Background, with bridge, if necessary—Cottage on the right—large barrel down stage, near cottage—small tub opposite—PETE at work on the barrel—CALEB at work on the tub.*

PETE DUNDRUM.

[Driving down hoops, with Music.] Well, now ; I can't see how it is why the boss makes me work on all the heavy stuff, while Caleb is kept to work on them small tubs. I'm sure it can't be because he ain't able, or because he ain't as big as me ; and even if he was, it wouldn't be much of an excuse either, for he eats just as much as I do, and takes up just as much room in the bed. Never mind, I'll soon be out of my time. [Begins to drive down hoops on his barrel—he strikes his finger with his adze, which makes him drop his tools and holler out,] Caleb ! Cale ! Oh, my—look there ! [Putting his hand behind him and showing his finger.]

CALEB.

Places PETE's finger in his mouth ; as soon as he lets go, PETE gives him a back-hander, which knocks CALE in his tub. CALE pretends to fall on a nail.]

PETE. [Laughs.]

Ah ! ha ! I'm glad of it. Oh, Cale ; here comes the boss.

[*They both commence their work with good earnest.*]

*Enter OLD SLOPEY, with some tools in his hand.*

Well, boys ; what's all this noise about, eh ? I heard you a quarter of a mile. [*The boys work on without paying any attention.*] I say you Pete ; what's been going on here ? Come, out with it ?

PETE.

Well, boss ; I'll tell you how it is. I was driving down the hoops on this hogshead, and I struck the wrong nail, but Cale there, he struck the right one, didn't you ?

CALE.

[*Shows signs of anger and displeasure.*]

SLOPEY.

Well, now boys ; I don't want to hear any quarreling, and let this be the end of it. Now, then, go in and get your breakfast. [*CALE and PETE both jump and scramble in the house to get their breakfast.*]

Ah, them boys ; they are always quarreling. Let me see, I must go down to the grocery and get in some provisions, or else I shan't have anything in the house for breakfast. My gracious ! how the boys does eat ! Here, Lizzy, [*calling*] Lizzy.

*Enter LIZZY.*

Well, father ; what is it ? Did you call me ?

SLOPEY.

Yes, my child ; get me the basket, I must go and get some groceries in. [*Lizzy goes in and gets the basket for her father.*] Now, then, my dear ; I don't feel very well, besides, I have been pretty hard to work. Now, suppose you go to the grocery for me. Do now, there that's a good girl. [*She starts off on the mission—old SLOPEY enters cottage.*]

*Enter JACOBI singing, with a small bundle on his shoulder.*

Hallo ! here comes some one, and as near as I can judge, it's a female. I'll just step on one side, and take observations. [*Exits in the wing.*]

*Enter LIZZY, with basket.*

JACOBI, *comes from the wing.*

Ah, my dear Lizzy : it's you, is it ?

LIZZY.

What, Jacobi !

[*They embrace each other in joy.*]

[CALE sneezes in the wing which frightens JACOBI, and he runs off in the wing. Cough heard within.]

Enter SLOPEY.

Well, my dear ; have you got all I sent you for ?

LIZZY.

Yes, father. [*They both fuss over the basket.*]

CALEB.

[*Steals in behind them and takes a piece of Bologna out of the basket and runs off.*]

SLOPEY.

Now, my child ; go in the house, I'll be there in a few minutes.  
[Exit LIZZY.]

Enter JACOBI, from the wing.

How do you do, sir ?

SLOPEY.

Pretty well, sir, I thank you ; and pray who are you that asks the question, eh ?

JACOBI.

I'm a young man in want of work, and I heard you done a very lively trade, and therefore applied to you, to see if you can't engage me.

SLOPEY.

Well, have you ever worked at the coopering business ?

JACOBI.

Oh, yes, sir. I can hook a sling with anybody. [Side speech. [ Gin sling.

SLOPEY.

You can do what, sir ?

JACOBI.

Hook a sling with anybody.

SLOPEY.

You mean, you can sling a hoop with anybody ?

JACOBI.

Yes, sir ; I suppose it's one and the same thing

SLOPEY.

Wall, my dear sir ; if you can do as you say, I've no doubt but what you will suit me, and perhaps I'll set you to work. However, if you come in the morning, I will tell you decidedly, and likely make some arrangement.

JACOBI.

What time shall I call, sir ?

SLOPEY.

Come about eight o'clock, [Exit old man. JACOBI bows and scrapes to old SLOPEY as he leaves.]

Enter LIZZY.

JACOBI. [Tells her of his success.]

Well, my dear ; I've been lucky enough to palm myself off on your dad, and to-morrow morning I think he will set me to work at coo-  
pering, and a pretty mess I'll make of it, too ; for I assure you, I don't know the first thing about it.

LIZZY.

Never mind, perhaps you can learn as well as any body else. [Talking heard inside.] Hallo ! there's some one coming—it's no use to run. Here, I have it ; hide away under this barrel for a few minutes, I'll keep a look-out for you, and let you know when the coast is clear. [She helps to hide him under barrel. Exits.]

Enter SLOPEY and two boys.

SLOPEY.

Now, Cale, be lively to-day, and Pete, see that you get along as usual, and don't let me come back and catch you idling away your time. [Exit in house.]

PETE.

[Leans against the barrel. JACOBI puts his hand through the bung-hole and pulls PETE's trousers—PETE looks about to learn the cause—sees nothing, and accuses CALE of the trick. He gets near the barrel again, and JACOBI pulls again. PETE runs in the house, gets candle, and goes to the bung-hole with it. JACOBI blows it out—PETE then looks

*in the barrel, when JACOBI takes hold of PETE's nose and pulls it, after which PETE calls out for SLOPEY.]*

SLOPEY.

Well, well ; what's the matter now ?

SLOPEY.

Oh, Mr. Slopey ; there is something in that barrel. It's a ghost, I know it is.

SLOPEY.

Well, I'll soon find out what it is, go in the house and get my pistol. [Exit PETE for pistol—returns. SLOPEY takes pistol, shoots directly at the bung-hole. During this time JACOBI has been lowered down the trap. They turn the barrel over, and find nothing but a piece of rag a smoking.]

PETE. [Picking up the rag.]

My gracious ! you've shot him all away but his shirt collar.

SLOPEY.

Oh, you scoundrel ; it's all gammon—I don't believe there was anything at all in the barrel. Now, then, go to work, and don't let me hear of any more such nonsense. [Exits. During this time the trap has got JACOBI under the barrel again.]

CALEB.

[Discovered eating a piece of pudding.

PETE.

[Gets a piece—goes and sits on the barrel to eat it. JACOBI upsets the barrel—PETE falls off, and runs about frightened. JACOBI keeps within the barrel, and runs about with it on his head—then gets it over PETE's head, pushes him down by the cottage-door, and elopes with LUCY.]

SLOPEY.

[Comes running out—tumbles over the barrel.] What the devil are you about now, eh ? Get up ; Cale, who is it in the barrel ?

CALEB.

[Makes signs of ignorance.]

SLOPEY.

Now, boys ; you may make up your mind that I shall stand no more humbugging, and if I ever see any more of such capers, I'll take

very good pains and start you both. Now, then ; do you hear that, eh ? [Exits. CALEB rolls off the barrel and exits also.]

Enter WORKMAN.

I say, sir ; is you the man what keeps this shop ?.

PETE.

Yes, sir ; I'm the man that cleans the shop. What do you want eh ?

WORKMAN.

Well, sir ; I'm a poor mechanic, looking for work.

PETE.

Well, sir ; what's that to me ?

WORKMAN.

Are you the boss ? I'm a cooper; and I want something to do.

PETE.

Well, black my boots ; will you ?

WORKMAN.

No, sir ; I don't black boots, I make barrels.

PETE.

Say, young man ; if you're a cooper, probably I may use you. Have you got any money ?

WORKMAN.

Yes, sir ; I've got two dollars, and that's every cent I'm worth in the world.

PETE.

Well, give it to me, and I'll give you something to do.

WORKMAN. [Gets out his money and gives it.]

Say, you're the boss, ain't you ?

PETE.

Yes, I'm the boss ; that is, I'm the boss's man—I mean boss of the shop. You come around in the morning, about eight o'clock, and I'll talk to you till about nine, and I guess you'll find out what to do about ten. [Exit.]

WORKMAN.

[Is about leaving rather reluctantly, but finally goes to the cottage to get more satisfaction, and raps hard at the door. The old man enters and receives a blow from the workman on his head.

SLOPEY.

Hallo ! sir : what do you mean by making such a racket at my door, eh ? and how dare you strike me in such a manner ?

WORKMAN.

Are you the boss-cooper, sir, that keeps this shop ?

SLOPEY.

Yes, sir ; I believe I am the boss of my shop. And now, sir ; why do you ask that question ?

WORKMAN.

Well, you see I just give a fellow two dollars. and he promised to set me to work ; he said he was the boss, and he went in there, and I don't want to lose my money in that way.

SLOPEY. [Side speech.]

Ah, I see how it is ; that Pete has had hold of this fellow, and talked him out of two dollars.

WORKMAN.

Say, sir ; what am I to do about my two dollars ?

SLOPEY.

What are you to do ! Why, go to the devil. I know nothing about you or your money. Come, be off, and quick, too, or I'll have you—

WORKMAN.

I want my two dollars.

SLOPEY. [Pushing him off.]

Oh, the devil take you and your two dollars. [Great haranguing between them. The old man gets him off and exits in the cottage.] Ah ! that infernal boy.

Enter PETE.

Well, well ; I come it over that fellow very nice. Two dollars ! That's just enough to get my boots—how very lucky. I wish I could come across another one like him.

WORKMAN.

[Treads in lightly behind him—taps him on the shoulder.] Say, give me my two dollars. You ain't the boss.

PETE.

Who says so, eh ?

WORKMAN.

Why, that old man that lives in there.

PETE.

What that old stout fellow with the grey head ?

WORKMAN.

Yes, he's the boss, for he said so.

PETE.

Oh, nonsense ; that old feller carries out shavings for us, he ain't nobody. Why, I should think you could easy tell the difference.  
[Moves up towards the cottage.]

WORKMAN.

[Follows and catches hold of PETE.] Say, I must have that two dollars, or you and me must have a fight—that's all.

PETE,

[Takes up a hand-saw laying by the door and strikes the workman, which knocks him down. Workman lays motionless as if hurt or dead. PETE very much frightened, gets his senses.] Oh, dear me, what have I done—killed the man ! Oh, my ! I say Caleb, [calling.] Cale.

Enter CALEB, much excited.

PETE.

Say, Cale ; help me. Quick, oh, dear ! I'm afraid I've killed this fellow. We got a fighting, and I struck him with the saw ; help me to get him away, won't you ? Let's put him in the shop, and cover him over with shavings.

[They take hold and carry him out. Both return and go to work being so perplexed they don't know what they are doing, and hop about from one thing to another.]

Enter SLOPEY.

Now, Cale ; be lively to-day, and finish up your work. [Calling.] Here, Pete ; go in the house, and tell Lizzy to come here immediately.

PETE.

[Very much agitated.] Yes, I killed him.

SLOPEY.

What ! You done what ? [Looking at PETE.] Clear yourself, sir ; and do as I told you.

PETE.

[*Goes to the house. Immediately returns and announces.*] We put her in the shop, and covered her over with shavings.

SLOPEY.

You done what ! Well, I believe you're crazy. Why don't you call Lizzy.

PETE.

She ain't in the house, sir.

SLOPEY.

Well, where the devil has she gone too ?

PETE.

Oh, I killed him ; didn't I, Cale ?

SLOPEY.

Look here, Pete ; if you don't stop them d—d didoes of yours, I'll kill you. Go across the road to Mrs. Rogers', and see if she's there.

PETE.

Oh, Mr. Slopey, I'm afraid.

SLOPEY.

Go on, sir. Cale, you go with him.

PETE AND CALEB.

[*Both start up stage on the errand, when they discover JACOBI and LIZZY returning.*]

PETE.

Here she is, sir.

LIZZY.

Yes, father ; here I am.

SLOPEY.

Well, and pray who is this ? [*Alluding to JACOBI.*]

JACOBI.

Being quite large enough to speak for myself. Allow me to say that I am your son-in-law.

SLOPEY.

My what ? Speak, Lizzy ; what does this mean ?

LIZZY.

My father ; it means that we are man and wife, and no power can alter it otherwise.

---

SLOPEY. [Side speech.]

Well, I see how it is. There's no use of getting in a passion, and what impudence, too. No matter now ; on second thought, I'm glad of it. There'll be one less to feed. [Calling.] Here, Pete.

PETE.

Oh, my ! he knows all about it.

SLOPEY.

Cale. Now, boys ; I'll tell you what I mean to do.

PETE, [One side.]

SLOPEY.

Hang us !

Now then, Lizzy's got a husband, and you are both of you quite out of your time—I mean to give up business myself, and let you and Pete have the shop for yourselves. And now, while I feel in the humor, we'll have a jolly good blow-out, and dance till we get tired.

[They all agree—take places for dancing. While dancing they take hold of hands—make circle—and dance around the centre-trap. All scream and make picture. The WORKMAN's ghost comes up with sheet and mask on—paces the stage slowly down, and taps PETE on the shoulder—asks him for his two dollars. Red fire—Picture, and Curtain.]

THE END.

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### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

|                                                     |              |
|-----------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| <i>Mrs. Arabella Brown</i> .....                    | Mr. C. White |
| <i>Old Dad Brown</i> .....                          | " Carroll.   |
| <i>Pedlar</i> , in love with Brown's daughter,..... | " Budworth.  |
| <i>Lucy Brown</i> ,.....                            | " Vincent.   |

### P R O P E R T I E S.

Table and cover—two chairs—candle and candle stick—two pipes and tobacco—newspaper—two canes—blanket for a shawl—old woman's hat—pitcher—two tin cups—letter spectacles—cap for old man, with paper tassel—pedlar's board, with toys, &c., on it—one lath, with a crease sawed in it to break easy—handkerchief to sew on—red fire.

### S C U N T.

Kitchen, with practicable door, or an interior log hut



# OLD DAD'S CABIN.

---

## ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*Interior Kitheen. Table in Centre. Cover on Table, also a Candle, two Pipes, Newspaper, Pitcher, two Tin Cups, Old Man's Nightcap, a Lath. On the side of the Flat hangs the old Woman's Hat and Blanket.*

Enter ARABELLA, R. U. E.

[Music, “Old Folks at Home.”] Well, well, no signs of anybody yet. There’s my daughter Lucy’s been out ob de house eber since five o’clock dis morning. I would really like to know what could hab kep her out so long, well I s’pose she got playin’ wid de young folks. Yes! yes, I was once a children myself. [Turns up stage, goes to table, sits down, and reads paper.]

Enter LUCY, L. U. E. [Waltzing to Music, unnoticed by old woman.] Well, mother, I made a good stay, haven’t I?

ARABELLA.

Yes, my child, what kept you out ob de house so long, eh?

LUCY.

Well, you see I was down to Abner Holmes, and would you believe it, his daughter, Mary Ann, is going to be married. Oh, how I wish it was me.

ARABELLA.

Why you don’t say dat Abner’s daughter is gwan to get married.

LUCY.

Yes, indeed, mother, for she told me so herself.

ARABELLA.

Well dar, I know’d dat gal would slip off soon. Neber mind. Now,

Lucy, my child, go to work and hem your fader's hankerchief, for we am going to the Colored Aposiation Ball dis ebening.

LUCY.

And may I go, too, mother?

ARABELLA.

Why certainly, my child, if you am a good girl. [Lucy sits down, and sews handkerchief.] [Voice from outside.] PEDLAR.

Twenty-five self-sealing envelopes for four cents.

ARABELLA.

Hallo ! dar's annoder pedlar-man. Lucy, go lock up my brass wash-kettle in the bureau-drawer.

PEDLAR. [From without.]

Twenty-five wallops for four cents. Twelve sheets of writing-paper for four cents.

ARABELLA.

Dear me, it am enough to deafen a person. Wallops, eh ? Lucy look out and keep de doors lock'd, 'kase you know dem pedlar fel-lers will take things.

LUCY.

Yes, mother, I've fastened all the doors. [Still sewing.]

Enter PEDLAR. [L. U. E., or door-flat, with a pedlar's board in front of him, a strap running over the shoulders, and toys, &c., on board.]

Ah ! dar's my little love ; now to surprise her. I say, do you want to buy any letter-paper, envelopes, toys, or suspenders ?

LUCY.

No, we don't want anything to-day.

PEDLAR [opens his coat, and shows himself.]

Why, don't you know me, Lucy ? [Gives her a letter.]

ARABELLA [discovers the pedlar.]

Here, here, we don't want anything in your line. Come, leave. [And so chases the pedlar out—then sits down at table again.] My gracious, Lucy, what hab I always told you about dem chaps. Well, if I eber see such a thing come right into your house, widout eben knocking at de door.

LUCY.

[Jumps up. Goes front—and reads the letter in silence.]

ARABELLA

[Calls Lucy, and discovers her reading something. She steps carefully down, and grabs the letter from Lucy.]

What, a letter to my daughter. [Tears up the letter—takes Lucy by the arm.] Now den, Miss, dat's for you, old nigger. Now den, go to work

LUCY [stamps her feet, and pouts.]

ARABELLA.

What, make snoots at your mudder? Now den, Miss, I'll tell your fader, so help me! Well, see if I don't, dat's all.

Enter PEDLAR. Lucy hides him behind the old woman's shawl, which hangs against the flat.

ARABELLA.

Get my hat and shawl, Lucy, I'm going to look for your fader, 'case I can't stand dis treatment any longer.

LUCY [hesitates]

Oh, mother, you aint going out in the rain, are you? Think of your rheumatism.

ARABELLA.

Neber mind de rootatism. Get out ob de way—I'll get 'em myself. You don't pertend to do anything for your mudder any more. [Goes for the shawl, Takes it off the nail, and discovers the Pedlar, whom she chases around the stage, and runs him off.] Now den, Miss quenseconse, I know what you is up to, so I shan't stir a step now. Ah, ha, I smell a mice. Wait till de old man comes home, dat's all. [Cough heard outside.] Ah, here comes your fader.

Enter OLD BROWN. [MUSIC, Uncle Ned.]

[Singing.] Dar was an old nigger, and dey called him Uncle Ned,  
 { But he died long ago, long ago,  
 He had no hair on the top ob his head,  
 De place whar de wool ought to grow.

Well, well, I wonder whar my dear old wife is. Here Ise been out ob de house eber since five dis morning, and I'm kind ob dry and hungry. [He calls,] Lucy, Lucy! [Lucy comes to him.]

LUCY.

Here I am, father.

OLD BROWN.

Here, Lucy, take my hat, and here. [*Gives her money*]—I want you to go down to de corner grocery, and get me a pint ob beer, and two cents worth ob herrin's. Now, don't go to the Dutchman's.

LUCY.

No, father, I'll go to Mr. Zimmersmans. [*Exits.*]

OLD BROWN.

I wonder whar de old woman can be. [*He turns, and sees old woman.*] What my lam', is you dar?

ARABELLA.

Eh, Charles Henry, hab you got home? [*She advances—they both embrace.*] Oh, daddy, I've got such news to tell you.

OLD BROWN.

What is it, my honey? What is it?

ARABELLA.

Well, daddy, dis morning jest arter you had gone out, dar was a man coming along hollering out twenty-fibe wallops for free cents, an' I told Lucy to lock de door. Presently, arter dat, he come right in de house, widout eben knocking at de door. So I walloped him out. Soon arter dat, she begin to cut up some ob her didos, and I thought I would go and look for you. Well, jest as I went up to get my hat —what does you think?

OLD BROWN.

What—honey—what

ARABELLA.

Why dar stood de man right behind my shawl. [*While speaking this, she raises her cane, and in bringing it down knocks the pipe out of OLD BROWN's mouth.*]

OLD BROWN, [*looking up.*]

Why, mommy, what on 'arth am dat?

ARABELLA, [*looking up.*]

Daddy, I've told you bout dat ceiling a hundred times. De storms hab made dat plaster loose, and de fust ting you know we'll bofe get killed.

OLD BROWN.

Well, old woman, I've made a bargain wid Abner Holmes bout de farm.

ARABELLA.

Hab you tho' ? Well Ise glad ob dat. Come, let's set down.

OLD BROWN.

Yes. Set down, and I'll tell you all about it. [*They both sit down at the table.*]

*Enter Lucy, with pitcher of beer.*

Father, here's the beer.

OLD BROWN

Whar did you get it, my child?

LUCY.

Down at the Dutchman's, father.

OLD BROWN.

Didn't I tell you not to go to the Dutchman's. [*Picks up the pitcher, and looks in.*] Mother, dis beer aint got a bit ob head on it.

ARABELLA.

Well, daddy, you keep drinking it, and you'll get a head on.

OLD BROWN.

[*Pours out a cup for himself, and one for the old woman*] Come, old woman, here's to better acquaintance.

ARABELLA.

What, you old fool, better acquaintance ? Why, here we've been married for more dan twenty-fibe years, and you want better 'quaintance, eh ? daddy, here's luck. [*They both drink—the old woman takes up the pitcher, and drinks out of it.*]

OLD BROWN [*seizes the pitcher from her.*]

Hold up, old woman, dat's goin' in rather strong.

ARABELLA.

Well, it always tastes so much better out ob de pttcher.

OLD BROWN.

I've sold de farm, old woman.

ARABELLA.

Hab you tho' ?

OLD BROWN.

Yes !

ARABELLA.

How could you sell de farm widout my cris-cross to de papers, eh ?

OLD BROWN.

I know dat, my lam'. Dat's what I come back for—so as to get you to go down wid me.

ARABELLA.

Yes, old man, let's go right away, for dey might back out. Lucy, get your fader's hat and coat. Hurry up, child, come do something for your fader—for de Lord knows, dat you neber done anything for your mudder. [They all make preparations for the departure. Lucy helps her father on with his coat, hat, cravat, &c.

LUCY [*takes old man by the arm.*]

Now, father, won't you bring me home something?—one of them nice silk dresses, like Mrs. Dickson's daughter's, would be so nice—only three shillings a yard.

ARABELLA.

What, oh my! what 'stravagance. Dear me! three shillings a yard,

OLD BROWN

Yes, dat's rader high.

ARABELLA.

Now, dar was Mrs. Palmer's daughter, Elizabeth, went down to York, and she bought herself one ob de most 'nificant dresses off ob some damaged goods, and she only paid free cents a yard for it.

LUCY.

Yes, but it was all full of holes, tho'.

ARABELLA.

Well, what ob dat, she cut de holes out, and it was jest as good as new.

OLD BROWN.

Well, my child, I'll bring you something.

## ARABELLA.

Yes, we'll fetch you a penny-worth of peanuts. Now look out for de house, and don't let dat feller wid de wollops come around. If you does, you'll see something, dat's all. Come daddy. [Both Exit.]

LUCY.

Dear me, I'm glad they are gone, for they do nothing but scold from morning till night. Well, it's got to be so late I don't suppose that Henry will be here again to night. I'll set up till the old folks come back, and take a little nap in the chair, for I should be frightened out of my wits, to go to bed, and no one in the house. [MUSIC. *She nods herself to sleep, with her arm resting on the table.*]

Enter PEDLAR, with cautious step.

Hallo! house all alone, and Lucy fast asleep. I'll plague her a little, and take her by surprise. [Tickles her with a piece of paper, or a straw. *She slaps her cheek.*]

LUCY.

Them tormenting musquetoes!

PEDLAR [stoops over to kiss her, Lucy awakes, runs forward, and screams.] Why, don't you know me, Lucy?

LUCY.

Oh, is it you, Henry? You like to frighten me almost to death. [Loud knocking heard, by old man and woman, outside.] Lucy, Lucy, open de door! [By both.]

LUCY.

My gracious, here comes father. What shall I do? [Consternation and uproar by both.]

PEDLAR.

What shall I do, eh? Quick—ah, I have it, I'll hide under the table. [Runs under the table. LUCY goes to the door, lets the old folks in, and then resumes her sewing again.]

Enter OLD BROWN, and ARABELLA.

OLD BROWN.

Ah, old woman, see dat industry.

ARABELLA.

Yes, daddy, dar's something in dat gal's head besides work. [Calls]

Here, Lucy, take your fader's things. [Lucy takes them.] Take my hat, and put it up-stairs in de pill-box. [Lucy now has her arms full.]

LUCY.

Father, did you bring home my silk dress?

OLD BROWN.

No, my child, I forgot all about it.

[Lucy screams with rage, throws the clothes down, and tramples upon them with anger—crying.]

ARABELLA.

Lucy, does you hear your mudder! Pick up dem things up dis berry minute, or I'll—

OLD BROWN.

Lucy, does you hear your father? [The old woman grabs hold of him, and pulls him one side.]

ARABELLA.

For de last time I axe you. Will you pick dem things up? [She shakes her stick at her.] Does you hear me?

LUCY [Picks up the things.]

ARABELLA.

Ah, ha! Does you see who is de boss? Now, den, miss, you go to bed.

OLD BROWN.

Yes, for it's gettin' late. Come, old lady, set down a minute, for I'm berry tired. [They both go to sit down. The PEDLAR, under the table, pulls both chairs from under them—they fall. They both rise together, each accusing the other, and a dispute ensues between them.]

ARABELLA.

You old fool, what under de sun, possessed you to pull a chair out from under a person in dat manner.

OLD BROWN.

Why, you ugly old rhinoceros, you pulled my chair from under me, and now, you've got de impudence to accuse me ob it, eh?

**ARABELLA.**

See here, old man, don't you play any more ob dem trlcks on me ; if you does, you'll get hurt—dat's all. [They both set down again.]

**OLD BROWN.**

Oh, shut up, for de bressed Iam's sake. I want to get a little nap [They both murmur and sleep.]

**PEDLAR**

[Rises from under the table, takes the candle, and looks in the old woman's face, with it almost touching her nose. The blaze causes the old woman to sneeze—she instantly siezes a lath, which lays on the table, and strikes OLD BROWN a blow across his head, which breaks the lath in two. OLD BROWN jumps up, holding on his head, running, and yelping about the stage.]

**LUCY**

[goes to her father, and looks at his head.] Oh, my mother, what have you done !

**ARABELLA.**

Ah, I told you dat I'd lam you, an' I did.

**OLD BROWN.**

Oh, my poor head ! it's all cove in. [ARABELLA goes over, and looks at the wound.]

**ARABELLA.**

Dear me, what a large hole. [Calling.] Lucy, run right down to the hardware store, and get a piece ob sheet-iron.

**OLD BROWN.**

Sheet-iron ! What's dat for ?

**ARABELLA.**

Why to tack it ober de hole to keep de mice out.

**LUCY.**

Now, father, do make up with her ? I don't like to see you quarrel so. [She draws the old folks together—they embrace, and make up. Then resume their places at the table—the old man puts on his nightcap, which has a paper tassel on top, and falls sound asleep.]

**ARABELLA.**

Stuff your fader's obercoat in dat broken pane ob glass, for de win'

makes my shoulder ache berry bad. Come, hurry now—and den, go to bed, right away. [All silent, both asleep.]

[Music. Dark stage.] [PEDLAR comes from his hiding-place with great caution.] Now, Lucy, the old folks have been plagued so that I guess they'll sleep pretty sound for a little while. So now's the time if we want to get out. I've got old Joe, the fiddler, outside, so we'll be off, and have a little fun. [Jig MUSIC from a violin, heard outside. Lucy looking for her things.] That's him, hear dat, hey.—[And he begins to dance, which awakens the old folks. During the Music OLD BROWN'S night-cap takes fire from the candle. The old woman first discovers it.]

ARABELLA.

Oh, daddy, your head's all afire.

OLD BROWN.

[Instantly puts it out, and discovers the PEDLAR.] Say, old woman, there's dat pedlar fellar. [They both jump up to race him.]

ARABELLA.

Dar's dat fellar wid de wollops.

[LUCY and PEDLAR, both take hold of hands, down front with their backs to audience—then run up stage under the canes of the old folks. They come front in the same manner—still pursued, and run up the stage a second time. The old woman aims a sure blow at the PEDLAR, which the old man catches across his stick, although it is supposed to have struck him on the head, at this moment, red fire is lit in the wing. The old man is knocked down. The whole stage in a brilliant red light.

ARABELLA, [shaking OLD BROWN.]

Oh! daddy de house is on fire!

LUCY faints in the arms of the PEDLAR. All make picture—and Curtain.

THE END.

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*Two Miller Boys.*

P R Q P E R T I E S .

One large box or chest—one large sugar or rice tierce—one bundle of straw—two flails—two chairs—two pails, one of them about half full of water—two sacks filled, one of them about full of sawdust—one stuffed club—piece of paper for Irishman—two purses, one with coin in for old woman—basket horse—frock, hat and shawl, for *Jumbo*—umbrella—fat pads for the character of *Skizendoffer*.

S Q E N E .

A landscape background; picket fence; cottage on the right; the large barrel at the end of cottage; chest in the centre, up stage; straw on the left side stage.



# THE RIVAL LOVERS.

---

## ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*Louisa discovered sewing, or spinning. MUSIC.*

*Enter AUNT HETTY.*

Come, my child, stir your stumps, for you know dat dis is de pay day wid de boys; and here dey come. Go in de house, my dear, and get my purse out ob de Bureau. [LOUISA drops her work.] Yes, mother. [And goes in the cottage. MUSIC.]

[Enter JUMBO and Two MILLER Boys with bags on their backs, they walk up stage and throw off their sacks.

AUNT HETTY.

Ah! Boys, you are up early to day; and I'm glad to find you so industrious.

JUMBO.

Yes, dats because it am pay-day. For when dar's any money coming we am always on hand.

LOUISA.

[Returns with her mother's purse, gives it, and then goes to her work again.]

AUNT HETTY.

Jumbo, you remember you had free cents and a new pair ob shoes last month, and dat makes jest two and eight pence dats coming to you. [JUMBO stands with his hand out to receive it, and murmurs at the amount, takes the same and passes up stage. One of the other MILLER Boys presents himself for his amount.]

AUNT HETTY.

Dar you had two penny segars, and a Jews-harp, and dat makes jest seventy-four cents coming to you. [The other MILLER Boy presents himself for his wages.]

AUNT HETTY.

Dar, William Henry, is your wages in full, five shillings. Now remember gib it to your mudder, and tell her if you am a good boy dat next year I'll raise your wages two cents a month. [Takes his money and leaves with it.]

JUMBO [partially behind her puts out his hand again, as if to get his pay a second time. The old woman looks about and sees him, then hastily lays the stuffed stick on his back.]

AUNT HETTY.

What, you good-for-nothing, axe me to pay you de second time. Here, away with you, boys, get dat stuff down to de mill, quick as you can, for I want you right back again to get in some stuff for de pigs. So hurry yourselves. [Jumbo and the other Boys all leave the stage. The old woman takes LOUISA front and talks. During which time JUMBO comes slyly on again, and hides himself behind the hogshead or cask.]

AUNT HETTY.

Now, my dear child, does you know dat I am going to town dis berry day to get you a husband.

LOUISA, [surprised.]

Get me a husband!

AUNT HETTY.

Yes, dear, kase I can't afford to keep you any longer, and our little farm aint able to stand de heaby cumberance ob our strabagant family.

LOUISA.

Well, dear mother, how can you get me a husband? I don't love any body but Jumbo; and wont have any body else, that's more.

AUNT HETTY.

What, you sassy hussy, don't talk to me ob who you will have. I

guess dat I'll hab my own way 'bout it, any how. Now den, my child, you know dat I am bery poor, and if I can only marry you to some rich feller why den de old woman will be all right for one ob de principal folks ob de family.

LOUISA.

Yes, dats all bery well, but how can I marry any one dat I neber seen before, and—

AUNT HETTY.

Oh! pshaw! You does'nt know nuffin 'bout it. You see, I've got three good, sponsible, rich fellers dat would like to hab your hand, and Ise gwan to see dem dis berry day, and de one dats got de most chink shall be my son-in-law.

LOUISA.

Who are they, mother?

AUNT HETTY.

Well, one ob em is Parson Still, de man what neber says anyting. He dat keeps de colored school. De oder, is Larry Rooney, who owns so many cows; and de oder one is Skizendoffer, the sassage-maker, and I shall send dem all here to day to see you, and I want you to put on a great many airs, and take one ob 'em sure. Now remember. [Exits in to Cottage.]

LOUISA.

I shant have any of them.

JUMBO [*Enters from his hiding place.*]

No, that you shan't. For I've been listening to de old woman, and she says dat she is going to send you three lovers. Now for my part, I think dat one beau is enough for any gal.

LOUISA.

So do I, dear me what shall I do?

JUMBO.

I know. I'll wait till dey come, den I'll run de pitch fork fro dem.

LOUISA.

No, no, dat will neber do. We must find some plan to get rid ob em, or—

JUMBO.

Oh, I have it now. I'll tell you how I can fool em. You jest lend me your clothes, and I'll be a gal, and when dey come I'll slap em all in de face.

LOUISA.

Lend you my clothes? Dear me, aint you ashamed of yourself?

JUMBO.

I don't mean dem clothes what you got on. Some oder ones jest like 'em.

LOUISA.

Why what do you intend to do?

JUMBO.

Why, I'll dress up and look like you, den when dey come to make lub, I'll jest draw off, and lam em——dey wont know de difference.

LOUISA.

Dats a very good idea, and if you succeed, why we will run off and get married. Just wait a minute and I'll go in de house, and prepare a dress for you. [She Exits into the house, and gets dress, &c.]

JUMBO, [begins to take off his things for the change.]

LOUISA, [returns, bringing with her, a frock, hat, shawl, and coat.]

There you are, Jumbo; now put them on as soon as you can.

JUMBO, [picks up the coat.]

You've made a mistake. Dar's somebody's coat.

LOUISA.

Oh, I must take that back again.

JUMBO.

No, you need'n't. Dats just what I want, [commences to twist the coat up, by holding on each sleeve, which he ties about his waist by the arms, and forms a bustle. He then proceeds awkwardly to get the frock on, Louisa assists him. After which she places the handkerchief or shawl, over his shoulders.] Have you got a pin?

LOUISA

No, I have not.

JUMBO.

I've got one in my pocket. [He lifts up his dress and puts his hand in his pocket for the same, when Louisa instantly pulls the frock down.]

LOUISA.

Oh, my, aint you ashamed? There now, let me see how you can walk? [He walks about, takes a few instructions from her, and she considers him a good counterfeit.] Ah, some one is coming I must be off.

JUMBO.

You just leave dis to me, [takes a strut up stage.]

Enter SKIZENDOFFER, L. F. E.

Mine gracious, dat ish so great a valk, vat I never had, so goot many years bime bye. Ah, dat ish mine leetle gal, vat I shall speck mit her mudder von my frow. I say, my leetle gal, vat mak's you so skart mit a man?

JUMBO [comes down front, keeping his face out of the way most of the time.]

SKIZENDOFFER.

Mine dear, Inc have got infurimation by your mudder dat I shall be your wife. Dat vill be goot, an we get so rich in de sassage vay.

JUMBO [makes curtsey.]

Oh you'r the gentleman that my mother was speaking about. Old Puddingdoffer, I believe?

SKIZENDOFFER.

Oh yes, I make Blona's, Puddin's an uder tings. How you like head cheese, eh, mine tear?

JUMBO.

Well, my dear sir, I think there is some one coming, I should like to have a longer talk with you, but we cannot just now. If you love me, get down on your knees, and swear it before we part, or I never shall speak to you again. Come be quick for some one approaches.

SKIZENDOFFER [gradually gets down and lifts his hands to show his faithfullness, when JUMBO throws him over on his belly, and raises him two or three times by the seat of his trowsers.]

[Knocking heard outside.]

JUMBO.

Oh, my dear Skizendoffer, get up quick, or we will be caught. Do hurry now, for here comes old Parson Still.

SKIZENDOFFER.

Yes, 'pon my word, I will be still.

JUMBO.

Now do for my sake, hide away for a few minutes, and then we will have another talk. [They run all about, looking for a hiding place.] Here get in this chest.

SKIZENDOFFER.

No, no, I vant a biggerish box.

JUMBO.

Well, here lay down, and I will cover you over with straw.

SKIZENDOFFER.

Mine gwacious mit straw like a pig! [Jumbo helps him down then covers the straw over him, and makes preparations to receive Parson Still.

JUMBO.

Now, don't you breathe a word for your life.

Enter PARSON STILL l. f. e., [with his hands folded, and an umbrella under his arms, all the due compliments pass in the way of bowing, &c.

JUMBO.

Ah, PARSON STILL, I believe. You have come to take my hand, and make me one of the stillis. [Parson raises on his toes, Quaker style.] La, me, you cant imagine how queer I feel, at the idea. Ah, Parson, some one is coming; we must quit this love-affair for the present, and then I shall be most proud to offer you my hand in the holy bands of hemlock. [Noise outside.] Oh, dear me, quick, Parson, let me entreat you to hide away for a moment, and then I will resume our dear conversation again. Come, [pulling him about,] now do, hide away for my sake, do [Pulls him up stage and crowds him in the large box without further ceremony.] Well done there's two of the vagabonds snugly stowed away. And now if I only suc-

ceed with the other one, I will run off with LOUISA, and they may find out the mystery the best way they can. Hallo ! here comes the wild LARRY.

[*Voice from*] LARRY [*without.*]

By my soul, an this must be the place. [Enters with *shillelagh*.] Ah, an aint she a beautiful creature shure, muther of Moses but she'l be a fine wife for Mr. Larry Rooney.

JUMBO.

Oh, sir you're the gentleman that my mother has selected, to be the partner of my joys.

LARRY.

Faith, I'm the same select gentleman, that'll make you jolly as a pig pen full of little darlings. Och, my dear, lit a wee bit, till I have a talk wid ye about the neptune ties of our expected love-match. [Gets two chairs, they sit down. He pulls off his hat, and crosses his leg over on Jumbo's lap, Jumbo throws it down instantly and complains.]

JUMBO.

Dear me. sir, I took you for a gentleman.

LARRY.

An shure, you'll find me one of them blackguards, before I leave you.

JUMBO.

Well, Mr. Rooney, I suppose you are prepared to take me at once, and provide a home without my remaining here long.

LARRY.

Prepared is it, and so I am. Do you see that stick ?

JUMBO.

I mean you will have a nice place for me when I become Mrs. Rooney.

LARRY.

Och, fal de ral, look at that! [shows paper which he takes out of his hat] Do you see that? Yes. That's the construction of an elegant house that I'll be putting up for you, my darlin'—

JUMBO.

La; me, what a funny house.

LARRY.

Yes, mighty funny, is'nt it?

JUMBO.

It has'nt got any chimney on it.

LARRY.

Divil a chimney is there. The fellow forgot that.

JUMBO.

Well, how will we be able to get the smoke out ?

LARRY.

Shure an we'll carry it out in a hand basket. *Here the old woman has been listening, she takes JUMBO by the ear and lifts him off the seat, and drives him in the house. JUMBO runs behind the large cask; old woman sets down on the same chair. LARRY turns about to resume his talk, and discovers the old woman. Jumps up astonished. The old woman chases him out with stuffed club, and then exits into the house.]*

JUMBO [comes from his hiding place.]

How lucky the old woman took me for her daughter.

[Enter] LARRY.

What the devil did ye let that old catamaran be listenin to the flattery of your husband for ?

JUMBO.

Now, Larry, you must listen to me. My mother is very angry to think you did not meet me in the house as you had aughter. Now don't let her see you again while she is so angry, or this affair will all be squashed. Now then if you love me, Larry, do hide away for a few minutes, and then I'll see you again, and the whole thing can be settled in a moment. Now do, that's a good man.

LARRY.

An where the devil will I hide ?

JUMBO.

Why, here in this large barrel. Do now, and I'll have it all straight.

LARRY.

But I'll not be straight tho', in that machine. Devil a bit of it.

## JUMBO.

Now, do hide ; do, Larry. [Collars him and drags him up to the barrel.]

## LARRY.

Well here goes and 'pon my soul 'tis the first time that Larry Rooney was ever penned up like a pig in a sty. [He gets in, JUMBO runs and hides behind it.]

[Enter] AUNT HETTY [from cottage, with both MILLER Boys with her.]

Now, Boys, fly around, for this will be a busy day. Come, hurry up, my lads. Jest take your flails and thrash out that straw, for its a pity to waste so much grain. [The Boys take flails and thrash. Old SKIZENDOFFER twists and turns and finally gets beat out, and implores forgiveness,] What under the sun is this ? And tell me, Sir, pray are what you doing under the straw in that manner, eh ?

## SKIZENDOFFER.

Oh, mine goot woman, I vill told someting vat you dont have brains enough to know.

AUNT HETTY [enraged strikes at him with stick.]

What, you impudent rascal, tell me I aint got any brains. Will nou ? [Beats him off.] Never mind, boys, he aint worth getting angry about. Now then, just put that grain in the box and then go and mix up some swill, for the pigs. [The Boys empty a bag of meal in the box, which brings the PARSON out.] Well, well, well, what do I see. The Parson hid away in my box of graln. Come out of that you sly old sneak. [Takes him out by the ear.] Well, Sir, what do you want ? How dare you hide away in that manner about my premises ? [She threatens to strike him.] Here, boys, hurry up and do your work. I mean to understand this business. Soon as you get through, put some water in that feed for it's too thick. [MILLER Boy pours water in the barrel.]

## LARRY ROONEY.

Hould on there, and would ye drown a poor devil ? [Getting out.] Oh, ye blackguards, and is that the way to treat a gentleman. Oh murder, I'm as wet as biddy's dish-rag.

AUNT HETTY.

For mercy's sake, have you come to rob or murder me.

[Enter SKIZENDOFFER and PARSON slowly.]

SKIZENDOFFER.

Hold on, old woman, I vil told you some tings. Dat gal vat you say has been your daughter is no goot. Ah [Puts his finger to his nose,] dat ish a humbug. She don't been a gal. Hold on, I shcw you dat ish a man dressed up in woman's clothes. [Goes up and pulls JUMBO from behind the barrel. All startled.]

AUNT HETTY.

Why, that's my daughter Louisa.

LARRY ROONEY.

And by my soul I think you're deceived.

SKIZENDOFFER.

Say, little gal, speak mit your mother. . .

JUMBO

[turns around and says,] Hold on, and I'll tell you how it is. [They all fly at him.]

AUNT HETTY.

Stop, stop, gentlemen!

LARRY, SKIZENDOFFER and PARSON, all.

Oh, we want your daughter.

JUMBO.

Now, hold on ; you see, old woman, I heard you say that you was going to town to get three beaux for your daughter. Now, I think one husband is enough for any gal, and so we made up a plan between us to fool all the lovers you sent, and, of course, I hid them away in the places you found them. And now I mean to have Louisa all to myself, and if you don't give her to me, why we will both run away the first chance we get. So you had better make up your mind now, and settle the whole matter at once in presence of these gentlemen, who I know will act as witnesses.

LOUISA.

Do say yes, mother, for I love JUMBO.

AUNT HETTY.

Well, well, take her, with all my heart.

SKIZENDOFFER.

Say, old woman, vat ish I goin to do mitout a wife. Eh, I shall send in my bill for dem Bolona puddins. [Old woman raps him with stick.]

LARRY ROONEY.

An' is that the game your playin'. You old dried up nannygoat, faith an I'll sue you for malicious damages. [Old woman raps him with stick.]

PARSON advances with his hands clasped.]

Verily, old woman, this is a horrible adventure for the good, pious Parson Still. Eh! [and rises on his toes. Old woman strikes him also.]

SKIZENDOFFER.

Calls LARRY ROONEY and the PARSON. They get together down front, and express their dissatisfaction about being so cheated; and then meditate mischief.

LARRY ROONEY.

By the powers, I'll have a tussle wid that chap, any how.

SKIZENDOFFER.

No, no, Mr. Irish, I told you we will get a blanket and put him in, and toss him so high dat he will go to the tevil and never come town again. [All] Yes, yes, yes.

JUMBO.

Now, gentlemen, one word with you, if you please. You see how this case stands: the old woman has given the girl to me, and besides, she loves me, and hates you all, now then you don't want a wife that would'nt love you. So gentlemen, whats the use of being bad friends, there, Dutchy, is my hand, let's make up and have a jolly good time. [Shakes hands.]

SKIZENDOFFER [looking at the others.]

Vel, I think dat is not so bad after all.

JUMBO.

Come, Mr. Rooney. Shake hands.

---

LARRY ROONEY.

Ah, but you're a sly rogue any how.

JUMBO [*shakes hands with PARSON.*]

Now, then, Gents., I tell you what we'll do. Jест fall in here and take a little dance by the way of friendship, and to-morrow night you may all come to the wedding, and get as drunk as you please. [They all take places for dance, as soon as they get going nicely one of the MILLER Boys comes rushing in.

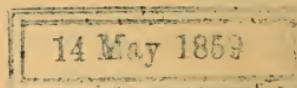
MILLER [*taking old lady by the arm.*]

Say, old woman, that donkey of yours has got out of the barn, and is now in the garden treading down all your rose-bushes, and flower beds !

AUNT HETTY.

Oh, my good gracious ! [She runs up stage, as if going to prevent it ; when in comes the donkey, and kicks about in the middle of all, who run to and fro, and fall in all directions until the curtain falls.

THE END.



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|     | IX.—THE BLACK DOCTOR,            | " "                                 |
|     | X.—THE BLACK SHOEMAKER,          | " "                                 |
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|     | XII.—THE WRECK,                  | " "                                 |
|     | XIII.—THE MAGIC PENNY,           | " "                                 |
|     | XIV.—HOP OF FASHION,             | " "                                 |
|     | XV.—MISCHIEVOUS NIGGER,          | " "                                 |
|     | XVI.—PORTRAIT PAINTER,           | " "                                 |
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SHAM DOCTOR.



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*"De sassage ob his smugular canables am out ob order!"*  
SHAM DOCTOR.

NO. VIII.  
BRADY'S ETHIOPIAN DRAMA.

---

# THE SHAM DOCTOR.

A Negro Farce.

IN ONE ACT AND THREE SCENES!

WRITTEN AND ARRANGED  
BY C. WHITE.

34  
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.



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### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

|                                                      |               |
|------------------------------------------------------|---------------|
| <i>Liverhead</i> , alias Belsharrar Bug, M. D.,..... | Mr. C. White. |
| <i>Old Johnson</i> , an invalid,.....                | " J. Carroll. |
| <i>Julius Snowball</i> ,.....                        | " E. Wise.    |
| <i>Josey</i> ,.....                                  | " C. Fox.     |
| <i>Betsy</i> ,.....                                  | " M. Sexton.  |
| <i>Rose</i> , .....                                  | " W. Vincent. |

P R O P E R T I E S .

Pile of wood, saw, and buck—pocket-book—tin money—scales and weights—iron stew-pan—loaf of bread—one large onion—big sausage—butcher knife—one hammer—a brick to break—paper of sawdust—pair of saddle-bags—valise—sofa—table, and chairs—knocker, or bell.

S C E N E .

Street—chamber, and fancy chamber.



# THE SHAM DOCTOR.

---

## ACT I.

SCENE 1st. *Set House, R. H. U. E., with Door and Window practable.  
A large Pile of Wood in front of House.*

Enter LIVERHEEL l. 1 e., [with Saw and Buck.]

LIVERHEEL. [Singing outside.]

I only got one job to-day—I wonder whar de todder's cumin' from. I wish de devil had all de Stone Cole dat's a spoilin' my perfession, I guess I'll have to hire some common niggars to carry my buck and saw, and pay him commission on ebery load ob wood dat he cuts up for me. It's worth sixpence a load to be a gentleman, and gib orders! But dat dare *dam* stone cole—it's a knockin' de wood *cold*. It's no use talkin' kase you can't saw de cole—an' if de mountains dat dey dig it from don't burn down soon, dis berry suceptable niggar will be 'bliged to turn preacher-man, and spend a shillin' for a white cravat and a paper shirt-collar. [Turns up stage, and sees pile of wood.] Hollo!—dah's a chance. If any odder niggar bin and got dat job, I'll break his jaw short off. [Bell rings.] Dah—dat'll wake sum ob dem lazy niggars up!

BETSY opens door and JOHNSON opens window.

BETSY.

What do you want.

LIVERHEEL.

Oh, golly! what a pretty yaller gal. Please, Missis, I want—" JOHNSON

Well! What do you want

LIVERHEEL.

Why, I'd like to git de job to saw dat wood.

JOHNSON.

Betsy, shut de door. I'll 'tend to dis man. [BETSY *shuts door.*] What will you charge to saw de wood ?

LIVERHEEL.

If de sticks am to be saw'd twice, I'll charge you a shillin'. Tree times is eighteen-pence.

JOHNSON.

How long will it take you to saw it three times ?

LIVERHEEL.

'Bout an hour—'cordin' to de length ob de sticks—de toughness ob de wood—de sharpness ob de saw—and de strength ob de buck.

JOHNSON.

Well, go to work, an' when you is done I will pay you. [Retires and *shuts window.*]

LIVERHEEL.

He's good for de amount. Now for de good old work. I'll make de slivers fly off ob dem sticks, like hot shot off ob a shubble.

*Sawing wood and singing,*]

Enter JULIUS, L. 1 E.

JULIUS.

Old Johnson swears that he'll throw a pan ob hot fat over me, if I serenade his lubly Rosea—and he keeps de door locked so dat nobody can get in, or out—unless he knows it. [BETSY *opens window.*] But I'll have her off in spite of all his locks. Hollo ! There's that infernal Betsy with her head out of the window. She don't see me.—I'll listen and hear what she says to dat darkey. [Gets behind wing, L. 2 E.]

BETSY to LIVERHEEL.

Say you !

LIVERHEEL.

Well, what do you want wid you ?

BETSY.

Why Mr. Johnson has been suddenly taken wid a fit ob sum kind  
and our Josey has gone on an errand ; won't you be so kind as to go  
down to de next corner, an' fetch de Harb-Doctor—he's de nearest—  
quick ! Hurry, will you. [Retires—shuts window.]

LIVERHEEL.

Sartin sure—massa—moses ! de old feller might drap off—and den  
I wouldn't git my eighteenpence. By golly ! I'll run like de berry  
debble.

JULIUS.

Ah ha ! de old fellow is sick, and wants a Herb-Doctor. I have  
it—Say—wood-sawyer, here—quick—come with me !

LIVERHEEL.

See you d—d, fust—an' den I wouldn't——I'm on business——

JULIUS.

Never mind—I'll give you twenty dollars if you'll do what I tell  
you.

LIVERHEEL.

How much ?

JULIUS.

Twenty dollars !

LIVERHEEL.

Oh, go 'way. Dah ain't so much money in de world.

JULIUS.

Yes there is. Now go to de door, and tell 'em that Belsharrar Bug  
—the Doctor—will be here in a short time.

LIVERHEEL.

But I haven't seen him, and how de debble do I know he's a cum-  
in'—when nobody goes after him ? Besides, de old feller might drop  
off, and den I'll lose my eighteenpence.

JULIUS.

Yes, but think of twenty dollars.

LIVERHEEL.

Jist as you say—eighteenpence ain't nuffin' to twenty dollars, 'spe-

cially when I gits de dollars for doing nuffin'. [Goes up stage and rings bell.]

BETSY appears.

BETSY.

Well, did you see de doctor?

• LIVERHEEL.

Yes. He says dat he'll be here jist as soon as he saws a man's leg off, and sets an old woman's jaw-bone. In a quarter of an hour.

BETSY.

Very well. Thank you--dare's sixpence for you.

JOHNSON [*inside of house.*]

Betsy—Betsy!

[Scene ready to change.]

LIVERHEEL makes love to BETSY--JULIUS shows LIVERHEEL a pocket book—Exits l. 1 e.]

LIVERHEEL.

Oh, yes! I like to forget de twenty dollars. [Exits hastily, l. 1 e.]

---

## SCENE II.

CHAMBER in 1.

[Enter] JULIUS and JOSEY, l. 1 e.

JULIUS.

Well, is that darkey fixed up in dem clothes yet?

JOSEY.

Yes, sir—he was a puttin' sum pepper sauce on his head to make him smell like a doctor.

JULIUS.

Josey! do you think de folks down to de house will know him?

---

JOSEY.

No, indeed—he's got sense enough for dat. But Mr. Johnson says if he ever sees me a talkin' to you in de 'treet, he'll discharge me. So I must be a gitting home afore dey miss me.

JULIUS.

Well, Josey, here's a shillin' for you. Now don't say a word to anybody about de doctor, except Rosea, and tell her he is a friend of mine.

JOSEY.

Yes, sir, I will.

[Exit JOSEY L. 1 E.]

[Ready to change. At second call, everybody for last scene.]

JULIUS.

If my plan ob disguising this wood-sawyer succeeds—which it no doubt will—then the beautiful Rosea will be mine, and old Johnson may retire in disgust. Ah! I see the Doctor is ready. Now for my lovely Rosea. [Exit L. 1 E.

CHANGE.

Notice. Make a love scene here between BETSY and JOSEY. Beginning about the old man's illness, his will, &c., in order to make the piece longer, and give LIVERHEEL dressing-time.

---

### SCENE III.

FANCY CHAMBER in four, c. d.

[Table on L. of c., with Books, &c., on it. Chairs. JOHNSON discovered lying on Sofa, c. ROSE at his head. BETSY at his feet. JOSEY below L. of c.]

JOHNSON.

Oh! what a pain it is!—is that infernal doctor ever coming?

JOSEY.

I guess he won't be long--kase I seed him fixen his things as I come by.

JOHNSON.

I wonder what can be the matter with me? I'm full of pains all over—every bone in my body seems aching on its own account.—  
[aside to JOSEY] Josey, come here, I want you to go and ask that one-eyed police-man over the way if he has seen any suspicious persons about my door to-day.

[Ready to ring bell.]

JOSEY.

Yes, sir—certainly, [aside] in a horn. [Exit JOSEY, Door in Flat.]  
JOHNSON.

Oh—ah! these shooting pains. Oh—ah! there they go down my leg—now up again in my eye. Eh—oh! what shall this poor darkey do? [Bell rings] Here, Betsy, take de door key. It must be the Dootor. [gives key to BETSY, who exits, D. F.]

ROSE.

Do you feel easier, poppy?

JOHNSON.

Do I feel easier? No! I don't.

[Re-enter BETSY, Door in Flat.]

BETSY.

This way, sir—this way. It is the Doctor.

[Enter LIVERHEEL, D. F., extravagantly dressed. Large Frills on his shirt, &c.]

LIVERHEEL, [aside.]

If de old chap don't get well de fust he sees me, he'll stand a lot of yerbs and roots—that's all.

JOHNSON.

He's the queerest-looking doctor I ever saw. [LIVERHEEL sets down Trunk and Bags.] I wonder if he intends to open a 'potecary shop in my house.

LIVERHEEL.

Dat's de yerbs—and dat's de tools. [Aside.] I'll skeer dat darkey into a yellow duck fit in two minutes.

BETSY, [*coming down.*]

Let me have your hat, sir.

LIVERHEEL gives her the hat.

LIVERHEEL.

Don't damage de beaver—'kase it's got my name inside—But,—whar's de sick man?

BETSY.

Thar he is.

ROSE.

This way, sir.

LIVERHEEL, *aside, as he goes up.*

I wonder if he is got any of dem catching fits. [Coughing.] Now for it. Are you de payshent, dat I hab de honor of being called on to examine?

JOHNSON.

Yes, Sir. I'm de patient.

LIVERHEEL, [*aside.*]

I thought so—he looks mean enough for a sick man. [aloud.]—What am de symptoms?

ROSE.

Oh, sir, he was taken very suddenly.

LIVERHEEL, [*aside.*]

Dat's de way my brudder Sam was took to jail for stealing. [To JOHNSON.] If you is de subject of my visit, allow me to feel your pulse. [Aside] By golly! I forgot—in de leg or in de arm.

JOHNSON holds up his arm. LIVERHEEL *feels of it, shakes his head, and struts down stage, R. H.*

ROSE comes down to LIVERHEEL.

ROSE.

Well, doctor, what do you think?

LIVERHEEL.

Nothing much! De sassage ob his smugular canables am out ob

order, kase de sweat of de what-do-you-call-'ems—am—dat's 'zackly de state of de case precisely.

JOHNSON.

What are you talkin' about, Rosey ?

LIVERHEEL.

Old gent, keep quiet ! Don't obfuscate de workin's ob your final sparrows, by groaning. [Aside to ROSE.] I ain't a doctor. I cum from Julius, and I'se got a letter for you—hush !

ROSE.

Where is the letter ? Quick !—give it to me !

LIVERHEEL.

Shan't do noffin of de kind kase de old gentleman might see us.—[Aloud.] Young woman, assist de workin's of genius. Hand me dat trunk ! [BETSY brings trunk to him.]—and dem dar saddle-bags. Now, Mr. patient, I am gwoin to make a subscription for your in'ards. [Takes from Trunk a Brick-bat—Onion—Sausage—Bread—and a Butcher-knife, which he sharpens on Stage.]

JOHNSON, pointing to Saddle-bugs.

In de name of Moses ! what am dem for ?

LIVERHEEL.

Dose ?—dose tings ? Dey am de secret of de verb science. Don't be alarmed ! I never uses no mercury, nor kamelmile. [Takes out of Saddle-bags a pair of Scales and weights—a Hammer—with which he breaks Brick aad puts it in the Scales—then in the iron Stewpan—with some Sawdust, and a few pieces of red Flannel.] Dare—if dat don't fetch de old feller up a standing, it will lay him on his back—dat's a sure case.

ROSE.'

The letter, the letter ! Where is it ?

LIVERHEEL.

In my hat.

ROSE goes up and gets letter. He gives the stewpan to BETSY, She and Rose exit door in flat.]

JOHNSON.

Whar has my daughter gone ?

LIVERHEEL.

She's gone to bile down de physic.

JOHNSON.

Is that nasty stuff in that pan intended for me to swallow ?

LIVERHEEL.

Of course, how do you expect your dusty-gustics to git into your horse-frontio of your whangdoodle, if you don't ?

JOHNSON.

It's my opinion that you're a humbug.

LIVERHEEL.

Say, look a here, Mister, look here ! I'se a reg'lar doctor—Bradlesags—and when I'se curing a man I don't like to be consulted.—Dat's all.

JOHNSON.

And my fever—what am I to do with it ?

LIVERHEEL.

Take it out and cut it off. [He takes a plane out of the trunk.]

JOHNSON.

Bah !

Enter JOSEY.

JOHNSON.

What's that plane for ?

LIVERHEEL.

Why to jacc your shins off when you is got a fever.

JOSEY.

Please, sir—there's a cab just stopt at de door, and Miss Rosey is coming up stairs with a strange man.

JOHNSON jumps off sofa, and walks up and down stage in a passion.

JOHNSON.

Oh, the devil ! tricked at last.

LIVERHEEL.

Say, look a-here. You had better be quiet, or I'll give you a dejection ob sawdust and brickbat.

JOHNSON.

Silence, you infernal doctor!

JOSEY.

Here they come.

*Enter JULIUS, ROSE, and BETSY, D. F.*

JULIUS to JOHNSON.

Your forgiveness is all we ask. She has only done as all girls do ; fell in love, and—got married. You defied me, and I have conquered, —and all by de means of you, my trusty doctor.

JOHNSON.

He in the plot, too. Bring me a gun till I shoot him.

LIVERHEEL.

Go 'way from me, old man, or I'll throw my saddle-bags at you,—go away, or I'll tell dat gal to get de sassage tea for you.

JULIUS.

Will you forgive us?

JOHNSON.

Was there ever such tricks? No, I won't forgive you. But, as you're married you may stay here and live, but I'll never forgive either of you.

LIVERHEEL.

Who cares whether he forgives us or not, so long as we have a better place to get it at a cheaper rate.

JULIUS.

Where is that, Liverheel?

LIVERHEEL.

Thar—thar am de ones dat always forget and forgive! I am sure dat dey will forgive de Woodsawyer, Liverheel, for the sake of Belsharrar Bug : who, though he isn't a big bug, is a mighty black one, that hopes the errors of his practice will never kill his friends in any

---

other way than by giving them a good pill of fun, every night—that is, if they feel like taking it.

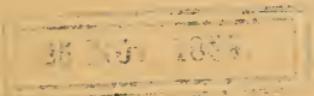
### CURTAIN.

#### POSITION.

LIVERHEEL.      BETSY.

JOHNSON.      JOSEY.      JULIUS.      ROSE.

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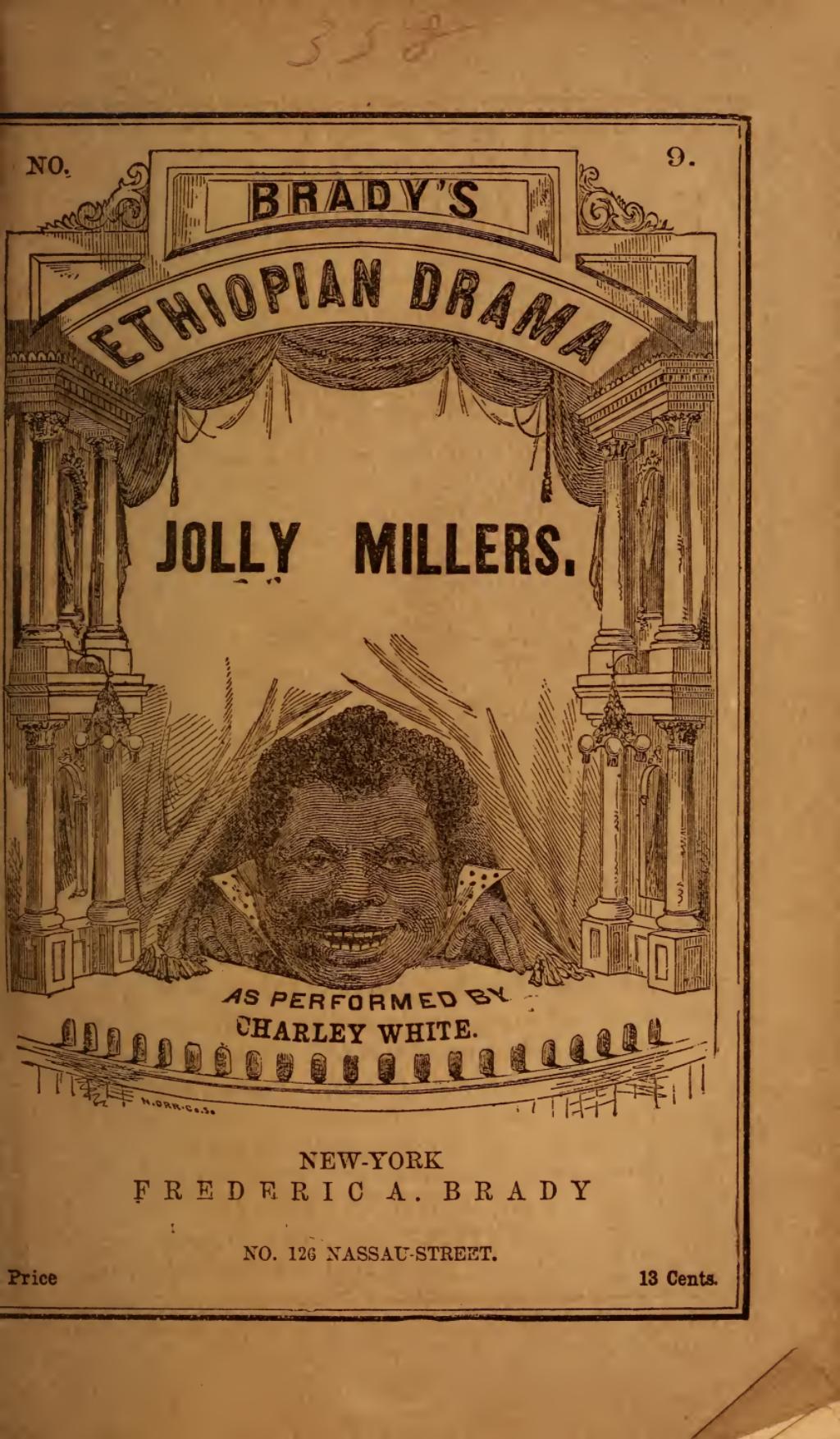
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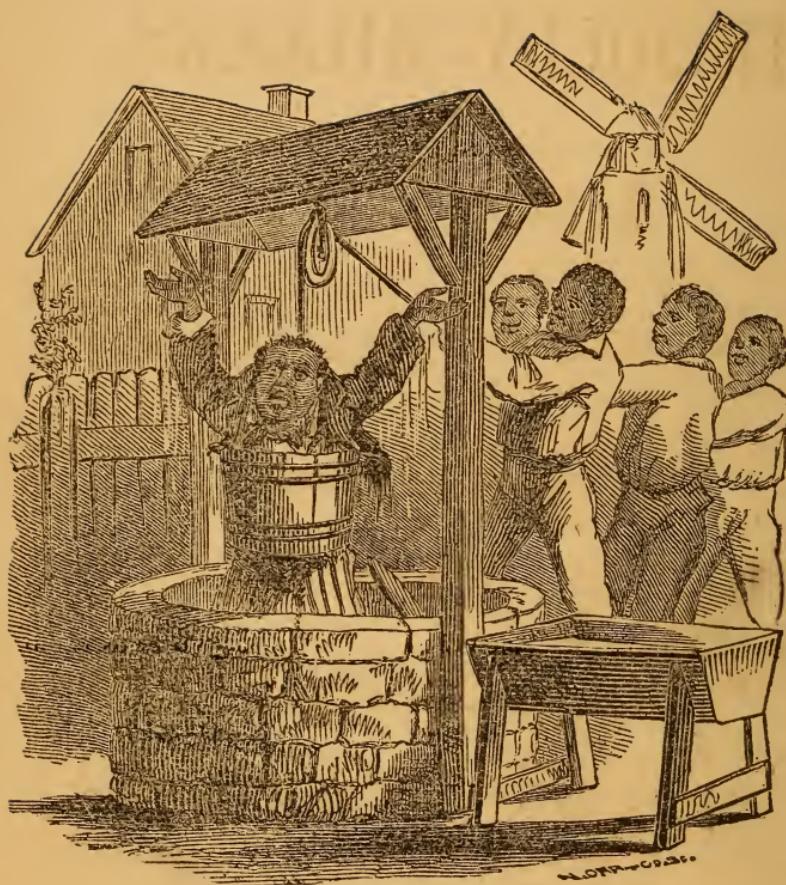


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### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

|                                                     |               |
|-----------------------------------------------------|---------------|
| <i>Simon, a Miller Boy,</i> .....                   | Mr. C. White. |
| <i>Old Gerald, a Farmer.</i> .....                  | " J. Carroll. |
| <i>Edward,</i> in love with Gerald's daughter,..... | " E. Wise.    |
| <i>Janette,</i> .....                               | " W. Vincent. |
| <i>Millers,</i> (two, or more.)                     |               |

### P R O P E R T I E S.

Set cottage on the left—well in centre, up stage—rope and bucket to the well, no bottom in bucket—two lanterns, both lit—two short ladders—three miller's sacks, filled—one small market basket, containing: pint bottle, tin cup, piece of cake nut, hammer, small paper of flour, and a large key—a small towel to cover the basket with—one watering pot—a fishing rod, with snort piece of line on it, and a cork on the end, that will fit the bottle—two, or three miller's shirts, with white stonch hats—two long, white sacks to get in, one wider and larger than the other—a large stuffed club—one violin, for Simon—guitar, or banjo, for Edward—one dummy, (a stuff'd man made to look like Simon,) the legs contrived to pull off up by the thighs—two stuffed sticks—a rope running from the flies, in centre, put up strong enough to carry the dummy.

---

### S C E N E.

Set cottage on the left, well in centre, up stage; vicket-fence behind the well.



# The Jolly Millers.

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## ACT I.

SCENE 1. *Set cottage, prompt. side. Well in back-ground, centre. A picket fence behind the well. Spinning wheel for JANETTE, who sits at work. SIMON and two MILLERS are all half asleep on their sacks.*

*Enter EDWARD. [MUSIC.]*

Ah, my dear Janette, you are up early, and I don't blame you for it, either ; for it is a most lovely morning. [*He turns around, and seeing the Boys asleep, goes and rouses them up.*] Come, you lazy rascals, up, I say, up ! [*Goes to SIMON, and kicks him, SIMON kicks up, as if by accident, and it takes effect on EDWARD.* EDWARD shakes him then again. *SIMON gets up—they commence to harangue together. Cough heard from the old Farmer, GERALD, within, which stops their quarrel, and EDWARD hurries off at the side, saying.*] Ah ! here is the old man.

*Enter GERALD.*

Ah, ha. What, you lazy rascals, are you here yet ? Come, this will never do, Simon, get up, be off ! [*He hits SIMON with stuffed stick. Helps him up with his sack, and starts him off.* Goes to the other MILLERS, and helps them off also. They go off. While helping them, SIMON returns and lays down again on his sack. GERALD turns and discovers SIMON, who he raps again with stick. He then takes hold of sack, and tries to assist SIMON. They have some funny business with the sack. During this time, EDWARD returns, and makes love to JANETTE. Simon discovers them, and pushes the old man's face round

*to look at it. GERALD then goes around to strike EDWARD, and aims a blow, but he dodges it, and SIMON receives it instead. EDWARD runs off pursued by the Old Man, and as soon as he turns around, he catches a slap from SIMON.*

GERALD

*starts his daughter in the house. He then returns to assist SIMON with the sack of flour. BUSINESS.]*

There, I've got rid of that pest, and now I'll go in the house and understand the meaning of all this. [Exit in house.]

Enter EDWARD.

It's all quiet again, and now if I could only get Janette out—I'll try any how. [He taps lightly at the side of the window.] Ah ! I hear some one coming.

Enter SIMON.

[At the same time, JANETTE comes out of the house. She gestures to him about knocking for her to come out. He don't know anything about it. She then turns to go into the house, but SIMON entreats her to remain and have a dance—MUSIC for dance—She consents, and they dance; as soon as they begin, EDWARD slaps SIMON's ears very hard, and runs off. SIMON calls for an explanation about slapping him so hard. They make it up and begin once more, he gets slapped again—dance again by waltzing round the stage. JANETTE and SIMON separate here; and in turning round to embrace JANETTE, he catches EDWARD. MUSIC, hurry for fight. A fight begins, (comic) which ends by EDWARD throwing SIMON down the well.]

EDWARD.

There, I guess I'll not be bothered with you any more, and now I am off. [Exit.]

Enter JANETTE,

*with watering pot. She goes to the well, gets hold of rope, and as she cannot hoist, looks down well—starts with fright—runs in the house with a scream. MUSIC, hurry. She drags GERALD out of the house by his arm, and brings him to the well, saying,] Father, there's some one in the well !*

GERALD.

Hold on, say, stop ! Do you want to kill me. My gracious ! why there's nothing in the well.

JANETTE.

Yes there is, father—I'm sure of it for I saw him.

GERALD.

Well I'll go back. [Goes to the well, and looks down.] Dear me ! I don't see anything. Go and get me the lantern. [JANETTE goes in the house, and returns with lantern.] Oh—what, eh ! oh ! dear—who —there's a man in the well, sure enough. Here, Boys ! [Enter two MILLERS.] Oh, Boys, hurry—there's a man in the well. [Slight confusion.] Catch hold of the rope, may be he's in the bucket, and so we can pull him out. [They all take hold. Music, three chords—as they pull together three times—at the third pull, Old Man falls.] Oh, you fools ! what made you let go. [They take hold again as before—at the third pull SIMON appears, but suddenly slips through the bottom of the bucket, at the same time those that pull fall down.]

GERALD.

Ah ! now I have it—I'll fish him out with my trout-pole—he can't break that. [Goes in—gets his pole, and enters.] Now, if I could only hook him—but what will I do for bait ? Oh, I have it. [Pulls bottle out his pocket.] There, I'll give him some of that, and if he's a live man, he'll be sure to bite, for it's an "original package." [Substitute any local term in vogue about liquor. He lowers it down well, and while fishing one of the MILLERS touches his elbow.] Oh my !—what a bite. Oh ! boys, I got him, stand by the well, and catch him when I pull him up. There, that's him—sieze him ! [The MILLERS catch hold, while GERALD takes the bottle from him.] There, lift him out. [The Boys take SIMON down front—raise him by the arms and body and shake the water out of him. Three chords, Music ]

GERALD

Dear me, the fellow was chock-full of water. As I live, it's Simon why, Simon, how's this ? How came you down the well, eh ?

## SIMON

*pantomimes, and informs GERALD, who thus interprets his meaning :]*

So you got fighting, and the young man threw you down the well. My conscience ! what a desperate rogue he must have been. Ah, ha ! I know the scoundrel. I'll have him arrested. What, throw Simon down my well ! Here, boys, go to work. Simon, go and dry your clothes. I'll be off this minute. What, lick my boy, Sime. [Exit. Enter immediately with JANETTE, who carries a small basket, containing : a bottle, keys, hammer, nut, cake, cup, and small paper of flour—she carries a lantern.]

## GERALD.

There, Janette, that will do. Now go into the house. [She refuses, he then takes hold of her by the arm and starts her in. He then takes keys out of his basket, and locks the door.] There, I guess you will be safe till I return, and, if I don't mistake, I think you are the cause of all this trouble. Anyhow I'll go down to Squire Palmer's and get a writ of Have-his-Corpus. Goodness Gracious ! to-day is my birth day, and I like to forgot all about it. Why how forgetful ! now, as I am going down to my old friend, the Squire's, I'll have a jolly good drunk. [Exit.]

Enter EDWARD. [MUSIC, *Pistacarto.*]

[He enters, as if listening] And while you're gone, I'll see if I can't get in the house. So here goes for a little serenade to begin with. [Sings with banjo or guitar.]

[At the close of his song, SIMON enters with violin. They touch each other, as if by accident. EDWARD gets frightened, goes off to the side and listens.]

## SIMON

commences to play violin—(ORCHESTRA does it,) After a few dismal chords, &c., he tries to dance Sailor's Hornpipe—no one notices him—he goes to the small window in cottage, spits on the pane, and rubs it with his arm to clean it. He then gets a ladder, EDWARD does the same, they both grope their way in the dark. Finally, their ladders strike, and each thinks he is right, so both elevate their ladders to ascend the window,

*out get the heads of their ladders together. EDWARD runs up his ladder, SIMON, below, goes] hist, hist, hist ! [with his mouth, EDWARD thinking it's JANETTE, points below, and goes down. EDWARD points up and climbs up, SIMON coming down. EDWARD then goes] hist ! [three times, and SIMON ascends again. They are both in raptures at meeting. They feel each other's face and thus discover their mistake—both slide down their ladders. SIMON places his ladder against cottage window. EDWARD sees him, and putting his ladder on SIMON's back, slips off and runs away frightened. SIMON does the same, but returns and secretes himself in the large bag. EDWARD returns and hides himself in a bag also to watch SIMON. In getting themselves away they bump together, at which SIMON gets against the cottage-door. EDWARD by the well.]*

Enter GERALD,

*with lantern and basket, singing : "I won't go home till morning." ] — Well, I've had a jolly good time, and I've left Squire Palmer as drunk as the devil. Dear me ! how did I ever find my way home in the situation I'm in ? Thanks to the moon. She's kept herself hid, and ain't thrown any light on my faults to-night. Now then, I'll see if I got my keys, and then go to bed. I wonder if my daughter is still safe in the house. [He takes his key out of the basket, staggers up to the door, and, placing it against the sack, tries to unlock the door.] Well, well, I believe I'm drunk. I can't find any keyhole. [Takes the lantern and looks for the keyhole.] Dear me ! I never saw my door so clean before. [Sets down his lantern. SIMON runs away, and EDWARD takes his place.]*

GERALD.

Why as I live there's a sack of flour right before my door. Never mind, I'll get it in. [Goes to take up sack, but it is smaller than before.] There, now, I know I'm tipsy, for a minute ago it was so high. [Stoops and lifts the sack on his shoulder and carries it off round the end of the house.] What careless boys ! to leave my flour out doors all night.

SIMON

*starts and makes some funny moves in the bag to frighten GERALD.*

GERALD.

Oh, dear me ! what is that. Oh my ! Speak, or I'll blow your brains out with this basket ! Pshaw ! it ain't anything. I'll go put my hand on it if it's the devil himself. [Goes up and staggers against it.] Gracious, it's some more of my flour. [He tries to lift it up, SIMON falls down in the sack. GERALD whirls it round and it trips him down. GERALD gets up, takes his basket, and prepares to sit down on the sack.] Now I'll take a little something to drink, take this flour in the house, and then I'll go to bed. [As he sits down, SIMON rolls up the stage, which makes GERALD land on the floor. GERALD, disappointed in his seat, after filling his cup from the bottle in the basket, sets it down by his side. SIMON drinks it. GERALD eats his cake, takes up his cup, and finding it empty, fills it again, after saying something, and places it again by his side. SIMON puts the small paper of flour in the cup, so when GERALD drinks he flours himself completely] Hallo--hei ! Thieves ! murder ! [He gets up, and SIMON discovers himself.]

GERALD.

Hallo, what—a man in the bag ? [He runs at it. SIMON opens his sack, and as GERALD makes for him he runs his head in the bag, and SIMON runs out of it.

GERALD.

Heigh, boys. Murder, thieves ! Oh, dear ! [Boys run in, with stuffed sticks, and beat the man in the bag. SIMON in the corner laughing. The MILLERS take bag off the Old Man, who is quite exhausted.

.... MILLERS, [astonished.]

What—Mr. Gerald ?

GERALD.

My gracious ! where am I ? [Discovers SIMON.] There ! That's the scoundrel who has been the cause of it all. [Pointing to SIMON.] Go catch the rascal. Ha, ha ! Simon, eh ? Take him away and t row him into the horse-pond.

---

MILLER Boy

*run SIMON off.]*

GERALD.

Hold up, boys. Bring him back, and tie him up while I knock his brains out with this club.

MILLERS

*bring in the DUMMY, who is tied round the waist with a hoisting rope. The men in the wings hoist the DUMMY. The MILLERS get hold of his legs, while GERALD aims an awful blow with his large club. Its force knocks off both the legs of the DUMMY, while the body goes up to the flies. Each MILLER having a leg ]*

All form picture.

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THE END.

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

|                             |       |               |
|-----------------------------|-------|---------------|
| <i>Vilikens</i> , a lover,  | ..... | Mr. C. WHITE. |
| <i>Wigsby</i> , a Barber,   | ..... | " Evans.      |
| <i>Edwin</i> , a Suitor...  | ..... | " Budworth.   |
| <i>Bumbo</i> , a merchant.  | ..... | " J. Carroll. |
| <i>Drah</i> , his daughter, | ..... | " W. Vincent. |

## P R O P E R T I E S.

Two set cottages, one right, and the other left—landscape, or wood for the back-ground—two signs, one on the right side lettered, “Bumbo, a Flour Merchant,” the other sign on left cottage, lettered “Wigsby, a Barber;”—a barber’s pole on this cottage also—table—two chairs—crockery, &c.—hat box, containing hat—valise, with baby clothes in it—boot for Vilikens—cabbage—shaving bowl—large razor—flour each side in first entrance—two towels with string and sinkers on the end—jug marked “PIZEN”—two long wooden swords—barber’s chair, made with one of the front legs hollow, to enable the towels to pass through—red fire—white sheet—small basket, with flowers in it—hoe—large letter—one big valentine, with heart on it.

## S C E N E.

Two set cottages, one on the right, the other left—landscape background—for signs, &c., see Properties.



# VILIKENS AND DINAH.

---

## ACT I.

SCENE 1. Two set cottages, one right and the other left. Landscape, or wood in back-ground.

*Enter BUMBO, and his daughter DINAH. DINAH carrying basket.]*  
BUMBO.

Now, my child, what kind of a collection have you made up for Mr. Sandford to-day, eh ?

DINAH.

I have picked out the nicest in the garden. See, father. [BUMBO goes to the basket and looks in.]

BUMBO.

Yes, my dear, they are very nice. But, la me ! you mustn't send so many of them moss roses—I can't afford it. I wonder where that boy is. [Calls] Edwin, Edwin !

EDWIN, [outside.]

Here I am, sir. [Enters in his shirt-sleeves with hoe in his hand.] Good morning, Miss Dinah. [He kisses his hand to her. She turns up her nose at him.]

BUMBO.

Here, Edwin, take these flowers down to Sandford's, and tell him

to send the money for 'em. Come, now be quick as you can. Come in the house, my child, I want you to read me all about that Sea-Bass war. [Exit both. GUMBO goes in first, DINAH after. EDWIN whispers out] Dinah, Dinah, [she turns round by the door and gives him hard face.]

EDWIN.

Well thar, I'd eat a live elephant for dat gal, if she would only say, "Ned, I loves you!" [gives a long-drawn sigh, and exits.] [Whip cracks outside, and noise of the driver, &c., of a mail coach.]

*Call from post-horn.]*

WIGSBY.

Hallo! here comes some visitors. I'll bet and hope they are all men, as it vill improve my business some. I'll go and sweep up the shop.

*Enter VILIKENS.*

*with bandbox, valise, large bouquet, letter and valentine.]* Oh, my, what a dreary place. I don't like this a'ready. But I'll have to stay here though, or else my mother will lick me. Now then I'll look at my directions. [Pulls out letter and looks at it; spelling B. U. M.—B. O. [turns around and reads Wigsby's sign; then reads Bumbo's sign] Oh that's the place vere my Dinah lives. Now I'll just see if I ain't lost 'nuffin, an' then I'll take 'em all by surprise. [Looks at his hat-case, then opens his valise, and shows baby clothes.] Ah, them's nice.

WIGSBY.

[Comes out and shoves VILIKENS on back, which pushes his head in the valise]

VILIKENS.

*Jumps up and says]* Look here! don't you push me that ere way agin. [WIGSBY bows and begs pardon. VILIKENS throws out a back-hander. WIGSBY takes the slap and comes down in a sitting posture on the band-box, smash.

VILIKENS.

[Cries] Now, there! See what you have done. My new Sunday

hat. Oh, boh! What shall I do. My gracious, if my mother only knowd that ; and there's all the crape that I wore for my uncle, that's all spil't, too, [Exit WIGSBY. VILIKENS gathers up his things, bunglingly as possible, and finally starts to go in the house; just as he enters he is struck on the head by BUMBO who is coming out.

BUMBO.

Well, sir ; who the devil are you, snooping in my door ?

VILIKENS.

Dont you know me, sir. I'm little Billy Vilikens, vot rites them ere sweet letters to your daughter Dinah.

BUMBO.

Why ! La, me ! Are you the little chap I saw to my uncle's two years ago ?

VILIKENS.

Yes, sir ! I'm the fellow. Aint I growd ?

BUMBO.

Growd ? Why I should think you had. But come in the house, and I will make some arrangements to entertain you. [BUMBO goes in. VILIKENS follows.

*When WIGSBY*

*Runs out of his cottage and goes over to VILIKENS, and pulls him down by the arm to the centre of the stage, very polite.]* Shave, sir— shave, sir ? Take a seat. Take your hide off in a minute. [Forces him down in his barber's chair, then goes in house.]

VILIKENS.

Oh, gracious ! I'm goin' to be shaved. I never was shaved before in my life. What a idea, to be slathered all ober. [WIGSBY enters with towels and tools.

VILIKENS.

Say, Mr. Barber, gib me a pair ob mousetaches, and put a towel on, kase I don't want the slather to touch my boosom. WIGSBY puts the towel round VILIKENS throat, and it disappears through the leg of the chair. Does something, then turns around and discovers the towel gone. He accuses VILIKENS of taking the towel. Denial, &c.

*Places another towel on his throat, which goes through as before. WIGSBY surprised, goes in and gets a large sheet. Ties it around his throat so tight that he chokes VILIKENS, who hollers out so loud that*

BUMBO enters.

Well! well! what's the matter?

VILIKENS, *in agony.*

Oh, Mr. Bumbo, I'm dead. Dat feller dat keeps de barber-shop has cut my froat.

BUMBO.

The devil take that barber. He's been playimg his tricks on that fool of a boy. Say, sir ; I think you had best prepare to go home. I don't think I would like to have you for my son-in-law.

VILIKENS.

Mr. Bumbo, I don't want to go home so soon.

BUMBO.

Well, my boy, we'll see how you behave yourself. Come ; I'm gettin' hungry, and I guess your appetite must be very sharp after your ride. [Calls DINAH.]

Enter DINAH.

[WIGSBY peeping out of his door. Starts very sudden with joy at seeing VILIKENS ; they run and embrace.]

VILIKENS.

Why, my dear, dear Dinah, oh how glad I is to see you.

DINAH.

Oh, Vilikens, how nice you look in your Sunday clothes.

..

Well, well ; they seem to understand each other perfectly. Oh, ho ! I see how it is. Here, Dinah, give us a little something to eat.

DINAH

[Sets the table up stage, and then goes in ; embracing VILIKENS first.

BUMBO.

Young man, how do you like your new quarters.

VILIKENS.

Well, I only had four when I started ; and I give the stage-driver one for my fare, an I've got three left.

BUMBO.

What the devil are you talking about? I don't mean your cash quarters.

VILIKENS.

Oh, I thought you did. I'm saving up now.

WIGSBY.

[Steals around very sly, and hooks the string which runs from his barber-pole to BUMBO's wig, and then draws up the wig from his head.]

VILIKENS.

Say, Mr. Bumbo, aint you got any pie?

BUMBO.

Pie! Why you've eat enough to kill a horse now?

VILIKENS.

[Looks at him (BUMBO) astonished, and begins to laugh out and point at his head.]

BUMBO.

You simpleton? What are you laughing at?

VILIKENS.

Oh, what a bawl headed old tellar!

BUMBO,

[In anger, feeling for his wig, and looking about. Takes VILIKENS by the arm and pushes him from table.] What have you done with my wig, eh? [They both go to get the wig. BUMBO calls for EDWIN to get a ladder.]

Enter EDWIN.

[as he comes in he tries to hurt VILIKENS, and shows a disposition of hate for him; goes to the 1st entrance, and BUMBO and VILIKENS at the ladder. BUMPO ascends; VILIKENS is holding it; EDWIN comes up and strikes VILIKENS, which makes him let go of the ladder, and BUMBO falls with his wig in his hand. Great confusion. VILIKENS is threatened, and very much frightened.

BUMBO.

Look here, you mischievous devil! Leave my house quick as possible, and don't never let me see you again.

VILIKENS.

Say, Mr. Bumbo ; you aint a-goin' to clear me away before I get married to Dinah, is yer ?

BUMBO.

What absurdity ! A good-for-nothing big booby like you. Be off !

DINAH.

[Peeping through the door or window, hears her father, and comes out imploring ; but her father drives her in the house again immediately, and slams the door.]

WIGSBY

[Sits in his door, exulting in every way at every trouble that takes place.]

VILIKENS.

[Grieves and cries.] Poor little Billy Vilikens ! Rejected, and got to go home again, without his Dinah. Oh, dear, what is the world to me now. I'll go drown myself ! No : I'll die at her door ! Oh, what will I do ?

*Enter BUMBO.*

Dear me, I'm afraid my daughter has taken something, for she has grown ill very sudden. What shall I do ? Go for the doctor ? I'll go look again ; perhaps she 's poisoned herself. [Discovers VILIKENS before he goes in.] Oh, you scoundrel ! You're the cause of all this, and if I find you here when I return, I'll blow your brains out !

*Enter EDWIN.*

Look at me ; a victim of despair ! and the object of all my hopes is fast sinking, from the effects of poison ; and you stand there, the conjurer of this dreadfull mischief.

EDWIN

[Frantic with rage, with soldier coat and hat on. Down comes WIGSBY. They talk together. VILIKENS very much frightened. WIGSBY comes over and talks to VILIKENS also.]

VILIKENS.

Ab, I aint so frightened now the Barber is on my side. And vot's

the use of living now. Oh, Dinah, dear, I'll have satisfaction. If I fall, bury us in one grave.

[*Music*] VILIKENS and EDWIN fight in a comic manner, and finally become so weak they blow each other down. Then stagger together again with a hand full of flour each, and dab it in each other's face; falling as they do it.]

[WIGSBY goes into his shop, sad.]

Enter DINAH.

staggering, with the jug in her hand. She sees VILIKENS--faints, and dies.]

Enter BUMBO.

Where is my daughter? What! Edwin dead, and Vilikens, too. Dear me! what a dreadful tragedy. Oh! mercy—help. Dinah—Dinah. Ah! I see it all now, and I have done it with my own cruelty. What now remains for me? nothing but to share my daughter's fate. [He shoots himself with small pistol.]

WIGSBY

*the last one surviving, cuts his throat with his large razor, and lies down very easy During this time the ORCHESTRA plays MUSIC, slow time.]*

RED FIRE.

SLOW CURTAIN.

[Toll the gong if you like.]

THE END.

[NOTICE. Various ways may be suggested in the finish, such as: all staggering up and getting together, shake hands, and all fall at once; or, all rise half way up in sitting posture, and sing, "to-ral, lal-lo-ral, &c.," as the curtain falls.]

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## CHARACTERS.

|                                     |
|-------------------------------------|
| <i>Dr. Squash, the Quack,</i> ..... |
| <i>Ginger</i> .....                 |
| <i>Julius Cæsar</i> .....           |
| <i>Crow</i> .....                   |
| <i>Dinah Primrose</i> .....         |

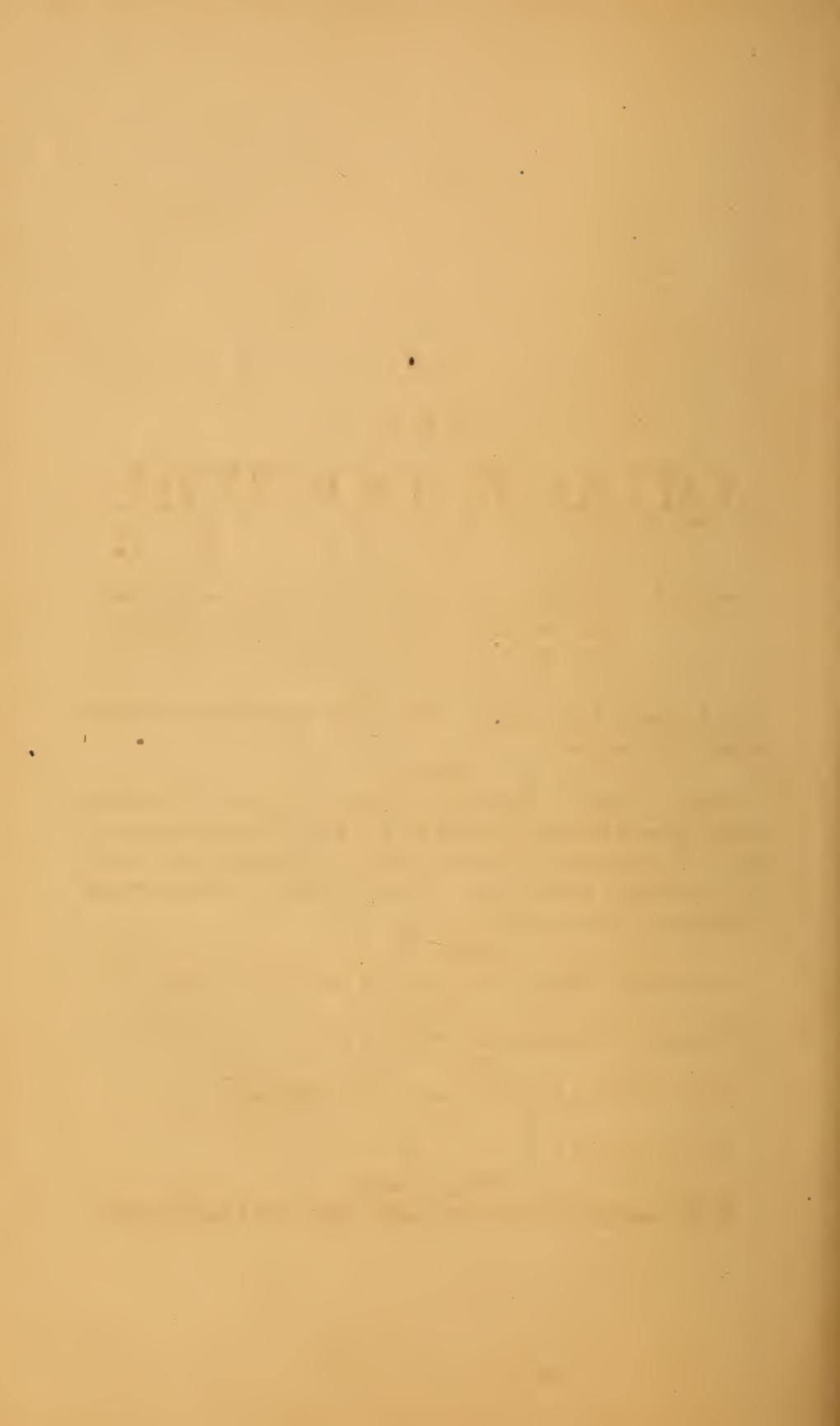
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P R Q D E R T I E S .

Two chairs—table—a curtain, for the lettering of which see ‘Scene’—cane for Ginger—bandages for Julius Cæsar, and Crow—codfish, loaf of bread, and sausages—saddlebags—large pair of Forceps—two wooden teeth—tin money for Crow, Julius Cæsar, and Ginger—pills—some fire-crackers for Jumble—pitchforks and clubs.

S C E N E .

A room with two chairs and a table—a curtain, with “DR. SQUASH, NATURAL Dok turk,” painted upon it—some large bottles and demijohns upon the table.



THE  
QUACK DOCTOR.

---

SCENE 1. Two Chairs and a Table, with large bottles and demijohns on Table; a Curtain upon which is painted:—  
“DR. SQUASH, NATERAL DOCTOR.”

Enter GINGER.

with his knee tied up, limping. He advances to the Table, and strikes upon it with his cane.

GINGER.

Hallo ! Doctor ! Whar de debbil are de doctor ? Here I've walked more'n two miles, and my leg's so stiff and lame, I can't go a step. I wish I had the doctor set one of his sticking plasters onto it, so it couldn't move no how. Doctor ! [Hallo ! ] Enter JULIUS CÆSAR with his eye bound up.]

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Oh, de lord ! Whar's de doctor ? Oh ! my eye ! my eye !

GINGER.

What de debbil is de matter wid your eye ?

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Matter ? It's chock full ob matter, and nuffin else.

GINGER.

How you done it ?

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Why I was gwine down street t'odder night, and I met Ned Pep.

per, and sez he, Julius Cæsar, what's dat I hear you've been sayin' about me? Sez I, I hazzen't nuffin' at all to say to you—I don't associate wid no sich half-price nigger as you be, no how. Wid dat he make a pass at me, and I hit him whar he live, and so we got at it, toof and nail. Directly I hear sumthin' drap, and what you s'pose it was?

GINGER.

I gub's it up.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Well, den it was dis identical nigger. Den soon as I got up I made up my mind right off dat somebody'd got a mighty bad eye, and cum to look dat was dis niggar too. But whar's de doctor?—Doctor! [Both pound on the table, and cry out for the Doctor.]

*Enter CROW*

*with his jaw bound up.*]

CROW.

Oh ! oh ! oh ! Doctor ! doctor !

GINGER.

Hullo Crow ! Is dat you ?

CROW.

To be sure it is—I wish it wasn't. Ow, ow, ow !

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Oh, do hold yer jaw.

CROW.

Yes, I have to hold my jaw. If I didn't, it would bust out or drap off, Whar's de doctor ?

*Enter JUMBLE.*

(JUMBLE is a dandy nigger)—*who as he enters is talking to himself, and gesticulating violently, apparently in a great passion. He walks across the room once or twice before he discovers the other characters, and starts on seeing them ]*

JUMBLE.

Yes, yes, ob course ; daa yer is, waiting for dat dam quack doctor. He'd orter hab him neck broke, he had.

GINGER.

What's de matter wid de doctor? He's cut you out wid Dinah Primrose. Dat's what ails him. Nuffin else.

JUMBLE

You ignoramous niggar! you knows nuffin' 'bout de merits ob de case. I tell you Dr. Squash duzzent know de fust principals ob de astronomical destruction ob de human frame.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Let me tell you, he will kill disease a little quicker dan any libing man 'bout dese parts.

JUMBLE.

Yes, he kill de disease, nigger and all, only gib him a chance.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

It's nuffin' but jealousy ails you, and de doctor hab got you dar— You can't shine when he's about, no how. But whar de debbil is he? Doc—tor! [All but JUMBLE pound the table, and cry out for the doctor.]

JUMBLE.

Dar yer go agin! I s'pose you tink de doctor can do as much as ole Aunty Phœbe's plaster.

GINGER.

What did dat do?

JUMBLE.

I'll tell you. [Sings.]

AIR: "Old Saludy."

Dar was a wench libed down our way,  
Who made a sticking-plaster,  
And sold so many eb'ry day,  
She got as rich as master.

CHORUS. [All the characters join in CHORUS, quick.]

Sheepskin, beeswax, burgundy pitch and tar!  
Debbil couldn't pull it off when you put it dar!

Dis plaster was so berry strong  
"Twould draw a load ob cotton;

T'would draw a toof wid seben prong  
If your teef was gettin' rotten.

## CHORUS.

Sheepskin, &c.

In a Lottery 'twould draw a prize—  
'Twould draw a bunch of roses—  
'Twould draw the tears from white folks' eyes,  
And de breff from out dar noses.

## CHORUS.

Sheepskin, &c.

Aunt Phœbe, she one day went dead,  
You mayn't believe my story—  
But dey put a plaster on her head  
And draw'd her up to glory!

## CHORUS.

Sheepskin, &c.

*Enter DR. SQUASH, with a pair of large saddle-bags, a codfish, a big loaf of bread under his arm, and a chain of sausages around his neck. In bowing to his patients, he drops the bread and fish several times, but at length manages to deposit them on the Table.]*

## ALL.

Here's de ole doctor now. Lord bress his soul. Doctor, how d'ye do? We've been waiting for you.

## DR. SQUASH.

• Ah, gemblemen, how am de state ob your personal corporosty? It gib me great pleasure to hab de gratification ob approximating to you on dis occasion, and I shall be happy to exasperate my physical and intellectual faculties in your sarvice.

## JUMBLE.

Physical faculties! I s'pose dat's what he carries in his saddie bags. I'll put some powder in dar bime by, and blow his physical faculties all to de debbil. [JUMBLE walks up and down stage in a great rage.]

---

ALL.

Can you cure me?—can you cure me?

DR. SQUASH.

Ob course I can: I can cure anything. [He sings.]

AIR: "My grandfather was a wonderful man."

A doctor I am ob wonderful skill,  
I can bleed, I can purge, I can cure, I can kill:  
I can cut a man's leg off—his arm or his head,  
I can kill off de living, and raise up de dead.

[Spoken.] Yes, I allows dis chile is sumfin ob a doctor. To be sure I don't know much about book larnin', but Ise got it in me natural, and dat's worth all de physiology, anatomology, ictheology, zoology, entemology, geology, or debbilology in all de books between dis and California. So—

[He sings.]

So come to me all you niggers wnat's ill,  
For I am a doctor ob wonderful skill.

When a very small boy, my name I made big  
By inventing a squeal for an invalid pig;  
And as I grew older, my science progressed  
Till I turned out a doctor right square up and dress'd.

[Spoken.] Well, I was an astonishing smart boy when I was little. I invented a kind ob hair oil so powerful strong dat rub a bottle ob it on a brick wall, and in a fortnight's time it would be kivered wid a splendiferous coat ob moss. I'm always inventin sumthin new—

[He sings.]

So come to me all you niggers what's ill,  
For I am a doctor ob wonderful skill!

I knows all de flowers dat grows in de field,  
All de wonderful vartues dat roots and yarbs yield.  
And all dat may try me will certainly find  
I can cure all diseases ob body or mind.

[Spoken.] Yes, I knows all de flowers dat grows in de field, and

de fairest flower ob 'em all is Dinah Primrose. Ah! she am a full-blown rose, she am, and fragrant as de mornin' dew : and dis is de chile what can pick her up—Hallo! Dere's dat dam Jumble watchin' me. He tinks he can shine dar, but it's no use. His shinin' is all cold moonshine, and it takes de warm rays ob my affection to make her bud and blossom in all her glory. But I guess I'd better change de subject—so—

[*He sings.*]

So come to me all you niggers what's ill,  
For I am a doctor ob wonderful skill.

I can cure de cholera, cholic, or cramp,  
I can cure de worst fevers, coast, typhus, or camp :  
I am death on de diarreah, can physic off fits,  
And can drive off de small-pox, widout leaving pitts.

[*Spoken.*] Yes, I can cure all diseases flesh is heir to. I can cure herrings, I can cure bacon, I can cure de botts. I can cure anything from pig's feet to Cholera Morbus, and do it all on natural principles. So—

[*He sings.*]

So come to me, all you niggers what's ill,  
For I am a doctor ob wonderful skill !

Well, Crow, what's de matter wid you ?

CROW.

Oh, sich a toothache, doctor.

DR. SQUASH,

[examining Crow's jaw.] "Tain't de toofache.  
CROW.

What is it den ?

DR. SQUASH,

*holding out his hand.*] Dollar !

CROW.

Dollar ? I ain't troubled wid dat complaint.

DR. SQUASH.

Gib me haff a dollar, and I'll told you all about it.

CROW

*gives him money.]* Dar!

DR. SQUASH.

Well, den, I wants you to substantiate on your understanding dat de occipitital plugatorial bonum, vulgarly called a toof, am not in and within its own individual punctuation liable to de fluctuations and sensations which you, nigger, am just now experiencing in a highly antagonistical degree, but on the conterary am entirely unperceptible to de warious contortions and laminations usually ascribed to it, in its localitory and indigenuous existuation. Darfore, I hold dat it am not de toofsache. At de same time, I wish it to be extintely understood, dat de ligamentary struc'tuation, known as de nervous system, 'casionally penetrates itself into de exterior ob de aforesaid structuation, and effectuates de disagreeable alimentary symptoms in medical phraseology denominated, achabus toothabus.

CROW

*takes a seat in a chair ; DR. SQUASH seats himself at the back of the chair, and produces an enormous pair of forceps, which he rubs with a great flourish.]*

DR. SQUASH.

Stick back your cocoanut. [The Doctor applies the forceps.]

CROW.

Easy, doctor. Easy. Oh ! oh !

DR. SQUASH.

Don't open your mouth so wide—I'm gwine to stand on de outside to pull de toof. It's a little hard a startin', but it's bound to come out, if de Lord give me strength. [After a good deal of struggling and yelling, the Doctor hauls out two big wooden teeth with a jerk. CROW falls forward, picks himself up, and runs out : the Doctor falls back with the chair.] Stop dar. Stop dar ! you brack Crow ! come back and pay me for dat oder toof. I've got out two and you've only paid me for one.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Gorra mighty ! I'se glad I ain't got de toofsache—if dat's de way

you cure's um. You can't pull de nigger's eye out wid dem instruments, though—so jess see what you can do.

DR. SQUASH.

Dat's a very violently excited inflammatory inflammation ob de obticular membrane superinduced by a highly irritated irritation.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Wall, now, if I didn't tink dat was wot ailed me all de time. But you can cure me?

DR. SQUASH.

Oh? yes. Terms invariably in advance : money down afore I do a ting.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

To be sure [He pays the Doctor.] Now go ahead.

DR. SQUASH.

You will see—

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Not out ob dis eye.

DR. SQUASH.

Shut up! What do you know about it?

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Go ahead, Doctor. Ise a hark'nin'.

DR. SQUASH.

De trouble am jess here. [Gesticulating.]

JULIUS CÆSAR.

'Tain't no sich ting—de trouble's in my eye.

DR. SQUASH.

You chuckle-headed nigger you. If you interrupts me ag'in, I'll take and break my arm across your jaw. The difficulty, I say, is jess here: dis inflammatory intimation is in consequence of its progressive and locomotive tendancy, maintains an active inclination to exaggerate itself throughout the cuticular system generally, and by its own extraneous action, may produce the most serious consequences. Consequently, there is but one remedy.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Lord a massy! You don't mean—

DR. SQUASH

*whetting thumb-nail on his shoe.]* D'ye see dat thumb-nail ? Yah ! yah !

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Gerra ! gorra ! Let me up, doctor. No gouging ?

DR. SQUASH.

Who said anything 'bout gouging ? I'm merely gwine to perform a scientific operation in a natural manner.

JULIUS CÆSAR

*kicks, struggles, and yells, but the Doctor keeps the advantage.]*

DR. SQUASH.

You needn't kick so—it's no use, nigger—Ise got yer right by de wool. Whew.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Oh dear ! oh ! oh ! Murder !

JUMBLE.

*tries to interfere, but is restrained by JULIUS CÆSAR. Both display much excitement while the struggle is going on.*

DR. SQUASH.

Now see how nice I'll do it. *[After a great deal of struggling, he succeeds in gouging JULIUS CÆSAR, and holds up an eyeball on the end of his thumb.]* Whew ! Yah ? yah ? Dar it is. Hold on a minnit till I spit in your eye and clap on a plaster. *[He puts a plaster on JULIUS CÆSAR's eye, and both get up.]* Dem's um. *[JULIUS CÆSAR flies around in great rage and pain, and finally exits.]* Dar's anudder wonderful cure. I'll get my name up afore long.

JUMBLE.

Doctor, I wants to ax you a question.

DR. SQUASH.

Well, ax me—ax me, why don't you ax me ?

JUMBLE.

And I wants you to gib your opinion as a medical man.

DR. SQUASH.

Ob course, ax me—why de debbil don't you ax me ?

JUMBLE.

Den supposin'—

DR. SQUASH.

Yah.

JUMBLE.

Dat dar was a hogshead full ob whiskey, and at one end dar was a nigger at de tap a suckin' out de whiskey, and at de odder end dar was a bullgine ob forty hoss-power pumpin' whiskey into de hogshead, a-n-d s'posin' dat de bullgine woodent stop pumpin', and de nigar woodent let go de tap—now, I wants to ax you, doctor, wedder in your opinion de hogshead or de nigger would bust de soonest.

DR. SQUASH.

De nigger ob course, for under dem circumstances de colored individual was bound to hab a bust, anyhow. Yah ! yah ! Yer t'ort yer'd cum de suck ober de old doctor dat time, but you got sucked in about a feet, I reckon. Yah ! yah ! Now, Ginger, I'll attend to your case.

GINGER.

Sich a stiff knee, doctor, it's awful.

DR. SQUASH.

I can cure dat easy enuff. Here, pint !

GINGER.

What ?

DR. SQUASH.

Tip !

GINGER.

Oh yes. [*He hands him money.*]

DR. SQUASH.

Here's a box of my electro-magnetic pilis. Take ten ob 'em eb'ry quarter ob an hour throughout de day, and in a fortnight or so, you will be better. Take a dose now. [GINGER takes several pills with many wry faces.] Dey's all down, am dey ? Now you must take some exercise, or dey will neber operate.

JUMBLE

*conceals himself under the Table.* ]

DR. SQUASH

*speaking to GINGER.] Travel ! Slide ! [DR. SQUASH points for him to move off. GINGER looks first at the Doctor, then in the direction to which he points, and the Doctor kicks him a posteriere. GINGER starts off, limping, at full speed, and is followed by DR. SQUASH, who kicks him whenever he can. GINGER finally makes his exit, hastily.]*

DR. SQUASH.

I reckon Ise got some ob de stiff out ob his knee. [Enter DINAH PRIMROSE] Eh—m-m ! Is dat you, honey ! How you do to-day ? g'ad to see you. I spected you'd be here, and dar's some preparations, [Pointing to provisions.]

DINAH.

Ah, doctor, I don't tink I'm quite so well to day. I'm troubled berry bad jest now. I feel shocking here. [She places her hand on heart.]

DR. SQUASH.

You don't tell me dat ? Den it's my indomitable 'pinion you is troubled wid an affection ob de heart. But I can cure dat. Let me feel your pulse. [He feels her pulse, and then places his hand with DINAH'S in it in his breeches' pocket.

JUMBLE

*looks up.]* Golly ! I can't stand dat. I'll have to drap him d'rectly.

DR. SQUASH.

Say, Dinah, what you tink ob dat Jumble ?

DINAH.

Oh ! bress me ! He'e jest de most conceited imperent nigger I ever did see. Den he tinks he's good looking, too, and so he is—only he isn't—yah ! yah !

JUMBLE,

*greatly excited.]* Dar now, he put dat into her head. Dat's sum ob his work, for she knows mighty well dat Ise de best looking niggar in dis whole county. He'll raise de debbil wid dat gal yet

DR. SQUASH.

Dinah duck ! [He kisses her.]

JUMBLE.

Dar, dar ! I know'd it all de time. Jess as I s'pected. I s'pose he calls dat a scientific operation performed in a nateral manner, too But I'll fix him out. [The Doctor's saddlebags are on the table, and JUMBLE puts some fire-crackers in one side of them.]

DINAH.

Oh, Doctor, you 'fessional gemmen hab such winnin' ways.

JUMBLE

*touches off the crackers and conceals himself. DINAH faints in the Dr's vrms. He drops her, siezes the saddlebags and sits down on them—bouncing up every time a cracker explodes. DINAH picks herself up, watches DR. SQUASH, shaking with fright.*

DINAH.

Bress me ! How scared you be, doctor. [She helps the Doctor up, and keeps her arm around him.]

DR. SQUASH.

No, I ain't scared,—but I would like to know what de debbil got into my saddlebags. I'd tink it were sum trick ob dat dam JUMBLE—but he's been out ob de way dis haff hour.

DINAH.

Yes, and he'd better keep out ob de way ; nobody wants him here.

DR. SQUASH

*kisses her.] | I must pay you for dat obserwation.*

JUMBLE

*runs up behind him, knocks him down, and conceals himself as before. The Doctor gets up, and looks around astonished.*

DR. SQUASH.

Oh, gorra ! gorra ! What was dat ? Sumthin' hit me den. [*seeing.*] I know dar did, 'kase dar's a big bunch on my head. I know somebody hit me.

[*A great uproar behind the scene.*]

DR. SQUASH, and DINAH.

Good gracious, what's dat.

*Enter GINGER, JULIUS CÆSAR, CROW, and MOB, shouting.*

JUMBLE

*comes out from under the Table.*

(The more characters on at this time the better. The whole forming a *Mob*, with pitchforks and all kinds and sizes of clubs.

CROW.

Dar he is !

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Knock his eye out !

GINGER.

Gib it to him !

CROW.

You've done it nice, you have.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Call yourself a doctor, do you ? You've set up for a doctor free weeks, and killed more'n dan a dozen niggers in dat time.

DINAH.

I don't b'lieve dat. De doctor's a gembleman.

CROW.

Den I suppose his wives is all ladies—and he's got more'n a dozen ob dem. He's a reg'lar ole rooster, he is.

JUMBLE.

Dar, dar ! you hear dat, do you !

DINAH.

Yes, I do. [To DR. SQUASH.] On ! you willin' ! you impostor ! You ought to be rid on a rail you had—Say, Jumble, won't you forgive me ?

JUMBLE.

I don't know 'bout dat. A little more and he'd a been the ruination ob you.

DINAH.

Yes, I s'peck he would. But I'm berry sorry. [Puts her arms around his neck.]

JUMBLE.

You won't nebber, nebber do so not no more ?

DINAH.

No ! [They embrace and make up.]

DR. SQUASH

*grabs his saddlebags.] I am sorry to leab you, but I must go.*

ALL.

No, you don't !

DR. SQUASH

*tries to escape, but the CHARACTERS form a circle round him, and prevent him at each attempt.]*

AIR : " I've been roaming."

CHORUS :

No you don't, sah, no you don't, sah !

No you don't get off so clear :

No you don't, sah, no you don't, sah !

We've got business for you, here.

You ex-boot-black—

You rascal quack—

We'll make you pack

For de back track,

And neber show your face again,  
Anywhere about dis place again.

CROW.

But, stop a minute—we ain't through wid you yet. I've come back to pay you for dat odder toof. [DR. SQUASH tries to break out.] Eh—ur ! No yer don't.

AIR : " Five pound note."

CHORUS :

No you don't, sah, no you don't, sah !

No you don't get off so clear :

No you don't, sah, no you don't, sah !

We've got business for you here.

CROW and JUMBLE

*sieze the Doctor.]*

JUMBLE.

What shall we do with him ?

GINGER.

Run him out !

---

JULIUS CÆSAR

*tries to get at DR. SQUASH.]* Gouge him, gouge him !

CROW

*gets out the forceps.]* Pull eb'ry toof out ob his head !

JUMBLE.

Hang him !

DINAH.

I tell you something wuss dan dat. Gib him a dose ob his own physic.

ALL.

Dat's de ting ! Dat's it.

JUMBLE.

And den we can hang him afterwards.

DR. SQUASH.

Oh, mercy ! mercy ! Hang me fust.

ALL

*get him on his knees.]*

GINGER.

Gib us de die-stuffs !

*They open the saddlebags, and by pounding and cuffing make him swallow various kinds of medicines from the saddlebags, and bring the bottles and demijohns into operation, Dr. SQUASH dies with a great deal of kicking. More doses cause him to revive, and he is raised to his feet, much exhausted, by two characters, who support him ]*

GINGER.

Dat physic will neber operate in de world, widout gabin' him sum exercise.

DINAH.

Dat's it. Trot him out !

DR. SQUASH

*drops upon his knees.]* Gib me time to say my prayers !

*The CHARACTERS form two lines and make DR. SQUASH run between them, hitting him as he passes. He then runs round the stage, followed by JULIUS CÆSAR, CROW, and the others, "single file;" the*

---

*foremost stirring him up with a stick. He falls, and the others fall over him, but he extricates himself and runs out, followed by all the rest.*

(Notice. Fireworks may be rung in the finish to suit the fancy.)

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THE END.

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

|                                                     |       |                 |
|-----------------------------------------------------|-------|-----------------|
| <i>Joe Dobbs</i> , afterwards Clown,                | ..... | Mons. Lannaire. |
| <i>Jack Swilem</i> , afterwards Pantaloons,         | ..... | Mr. C. White.   |
| <i>William</i> , a Traveller, afterwards Harlequin, | ..... | " Budworth.     |
| <i>Spirit of the Mist</i> , afterwards Columbine,   | ..... | " Vincent.      |
| <i>Dutch Waiter</i> ,                               | ..... | " Wambold.      |
| <i>1st. Knight</i> ,                                | ..... | " Carroll.      |
| <i>2nd. Knight</i> ,                                | ..... | " Sexton.       |

## P R O P E R T I E S .

IN EACH SCENE.

### Scene I : MIST.

Gauze Mist—two large mask heads—two pair of stripping pants—Clown's dress—Pantaloons dress, and two overcoats—two strings up in the flies, to take up the big heads when required—one post, or pump, on right hand—trap, to go down when cue is given—Fairy's wand—black dominoe.

### Scene II : LANDSCAPE AND COTTAGE.

Stripping pants, overcoat, and hat for Harlequin—bat—mask—rose.

### Scene III : STREET, (*down front.*)

Woman-figure, to separate—pistol or gun—female clothes for Market-woman—flat vegetable-basket, and vegetables—apron—long piece of board to carry Harlequin on—a bag to put Harlequin in.

**Scene IV:** HOTEL CHAMBER, (*interior.*)

Table—two chairs—fire place—working head on scene—sausages—dish—pan—two tin cups—one large knife—one tin dipper—large frying pan—two large squares—candle and candlestick on table, also a curtain at the bottom—two hats for Clown and Pantaloons—bladder like Harlequin's face—candle and stick in the wing with string to pull it off with—link of sausages—Dutch wardrobe for the Waiter, also an apron.

**Scene V:** FANCY ROOM, (*or any other.*)

This room is only used for a dance by Columbine and Harlequin, and one or two tricks between Clown and Pantaloons.

**Scene VI:** LANDSCAPE.

Set waters and foreground—boat to separate—two oars—two fishing-poles, and two fish, one small, the other large—one large wooden dice—another dice made of tin, with tin box to cover it—one keg, for the dice cup.

**Scene VII:** (*The same as 3rd.*)

Harlequin and Columbine, fatigued, *court* by Clown and Pantaloons—two boys as Demons, come through traps, with mask heads, black dominoes, and torches.

**Scene VIII:** MYSTIC PALACE.

Working sun in the rear—large steps—two columns, with an arch over the top—two dresses for Knights in armor—two swords—red fire.

---

S C E N E .

1st. Scene. Mist—post, or pump on right hand. 2nd. Scene. Landscape and cottage 3rd. Scene. Street down front. 4th. Scene. Interior of a Hotel-chamber—two chairs and a table—a curtain for table. 5th. Scene. Fancy room, or any other. 6th. Scene. Landscape—set waters and foreground. 7th. Scene. This scene same as 3rd. 8th. Scene. Mystic Palace. Large steps leading above to sun in the rear—two columns with arch over

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Return from Fishing—Awful interruption by Demons—End of the Mystic Spell—Harlequin and Columbine's flight to the Castle in the Air.

GRAND TABLEAUX.



# THE MYSTIC SPELL.

---

BUSINESS.

SCENE 1. *A mist gauze.*

MUSIC. JOE DOBBS and JACK SWILLEM discovered drunk, sitting down with their backs against post, l. s., (post on trap, l.) with large heads on, strip Pantaloons and Coats. GAS DOWN.]

JACK.

I say, Joe, do you know that I had a curious dream just now. I thought that this post moved away, and the night grew so dreadful dark that you couldn't see your hand before your face : then I thought there was a lovely creature who appeared to both of us, and said we would prosper if we'd only let rum alone. We both consented, and at this every thing changed to light and loveliness. Say, Joe, don't you hear me talking to you ? Shaw ! he's so full of beer he can't hear anything. Well, then I thought we kinder lost our speech, but we didn't want for anything and so we went on from day to day—the two jolliest fellows in the world, and after a while we kinder got in a brilliant Palace among a lot of fairies. Say, Joe, wake up, I hear some one coming. May be it's the watchman.

(GONG.) FAIRY appears through the trap.

SWILLEM

shakes JOE.] There, I told you so. Here's the watchman, and we are goners for the season.

FAIRY.

Listen, ye straggling elves ! Rouse from thy slumb'ring lethargy

and be as men, gay and lifelike. Fear not! I am a spirit of the mist, and would serve you. Your dream is o'er, and shall be verified on one condition.

JACK and JOE.

My gracious! what a kind watchman. Name it.

FAIRY.

That you, from this time forth, banish all your former habits of intemperance. Promise this, and you shall pass from your present state of misery to fun and gaiety!

JACK and JOE.

We promise!

FAIRY.

'Tis well. I'll trust you, and now prepare:

Black, thick'ning mist disperse!

And give us day.

I'd have it sunshine. Away, away!

[GONG. The gauze mist rolls up, and disappears. The post goes down the trap. JACK and JOE exit, one on each side, staggering off. GAS lights up, and discovers Landscape or Village Scene.]

Enter WILLIAM, [L. U. E., fatigued and exhausted, he leans for support against the cottage. The Fairy discovers him.]

FAIRY.

Ah! a poor traveller. In distress, no doubt. I'll speak to him. [Taps him on the shoulder with wand. He starts with fright at seeing her face.]

WILLIAM.

What a lovely creature.

FAIRY.

Unhappy mortal! What is thy wish?

WILLIAM.

Once again to see those I love, and have my boyhood days all o'er.

FAIRY.

What if I promise you all this? Wilt thou be faithful to my commands?

WILLIAM.

Yes : even unto death.

FAIRY.

Take this rose. Kneel, and swear what you have promised, and you shall be happy !

WILLIAM

kneels. MUSIC. *Her cloak flies off.*]

FAIRY.

Behold my power, and now commence thy work. [*She touches him with her wand, which changes him to HARLEQUIN ! He strikes his bat on both sides, which brings on JOE and JACK.*]

COLUMBINE.

And now, ye lazy rum-heads of the town,

I transform you both :

You, as Pantaloony—and you, as Clown !

[*Clown and Pantaloony strip and make transformation. Grand Rally by all four, Clown, Pantaloony, Harlequin, and Columbine. All exit. Scene changes to*

A STREET, or thick Wood

*Enter Harlequin and Columbine,*

*followed by Clown and Pantaloony, each surveying their new clothes. They discover Harlequin, and go get gun to shoot him.]*

PANTALOONY

*shoots Harlequin.] I'll go tell the constable. [Exits and returns with board.] Here, Joe, let's take him to the doctor's.*

HARLEQUIN

*is lying on the stage. They put him on the board various ways. Business.]*

PANTALOONY

Lets put him in a bag, and throw him into the river. [*Brings in and lays it over the trap. They get him on his feet over the trap, and lift the bag about him.*]

COLUMBINE

*gives the cue, and Harlequin is taken down trap. His disappearance causes much confusion.*

## PANTALOON

Oh ! you've got him in your pocket.

CLOWN.

Me ? how dare you ? [He strikes at him with the empty bag, and just misses the tall trick-woman, who enters at this moment.]

CLOWN and PANTALOON

both speak.] Oh my ! vat a beauty !

[They pull her about in various ways. Finally CLOWN takes her by the body, and the legs chase after PANTALOON.]

## HARLEQUIN

enters, shakes his bat, and the MARKET-WOMAN enters. They have business with her, and while PANTALOON is talking to her, CLOWN takes her apron off, and puts it on himself. PANTALOON upsets her basket and the contents fall behind in the apron which is on CLOWN. She goes off but missing her stuff, comes back, and beats PANTALOON's back around the stage, gets tripped up, &c. All exit. SCENE changes to a

## ROOM IN HOTEL.

## HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE

cross. She takes chair. CLOWN shouts outside. She disappears.]

Enter PANTALOON and CLOWN, with hats on. They order the WAITER, and strut about consequentialy.] Bring us some segars.

## WAITER.

How many, gentlemen ?

BOTH.

Four for a cent.

[Exit WAITER, and brings in the two large segars. PANTALOON and CLOWN each take one, and strut towards the table, and sit down.—PANTALOON tries to light his but the candle is drawn slowly over to the other end of the table. PANTALOON don't notice it, but complains of his segar being bad. CLOWN now attempts to light his and the candle goes back again, which frightens him, and he gets up.

PANTALOON.

Oh, you're crazy !

CLOWN

sits down again, and PANTALOON tries to light his segar. This time, the candle is drawn over very sudden. It startles both, and they shout for WAITER.]

Enter WAITER.

Vel, shentelmen, vot vill you have ?

BOTH.

Punch.

[Exit WAITER, who returns with large tin pan, two tin cups, and a dipper. He places them on Table and exits.]

CLOWN and PANTALOON

seat themselves, and drink. While doing so HARLEQUIN puts his head up through the bottom of the pan, and looks at both CLOWN and PANTALOON. After considerable fright they resume drinking again, and the third time HARLEQUIN puts the bladder through.]

CLOWN

cuts off the head, as he thinks, and they each knock it about, and then order WAITER again.]

WAITER

comes at the call.]

CLOWN and PANTALOON.

Give us something to eat.

WAITER.

Vat vill you have ? Some sandwiches ?

BOTH.

Yes !

WAITER

brings sandwiches, they each grab one and commence eating.]

HARLEQUIN

causes them to stand stupified.]

PANTALOON,

returning to their senses, finds an oval looking-glass in his hand, and CLOWN discovers his nose all covered with chalk.]

## PANTALOON

gives CLOWN the glass to look at himself, when CLOWN breaks it over PANTALOON's head, or any other way most desirable.]

[Sausages are next brought in, and given to PANTALOON, who licks them with his tongue.]

## CLOWN

snatches them away.]

## PANTALOON.

Them's mine !

## CLOWN

slaps him in the face with them, saying at the same time :] Take 'em.

## PANTALOON

goes for the pan. Then he goes for a candle and candle stick to cook them by, sets it down by where CLOWN sits down to cook.

## SOME ONE

in the wing pulls the string of the candle stick and takes it off.]

BUSINESS by PANTALOON and CLOWN.

[The mistake about cooking is discovered, and they move up to the fireplace to cook them.]

## PANTALOON

attaches the string that runs from the working portrait to the sausages in the pan ; presently, they are drawn up to the mouth in flat, which scares them both. As they are swallowed the large eyes work, and Fireplace changes.]

## CLOWN

is so frightened that he strikes PANTALOON on the head with frying-pan.]

## PANTALOON

runs off with it on his head. SCENE changes to a

FANCY ROOM, or any other.

Enter HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE.

[They dance the Polka.]

## PANTALOON and CLOWN

enter at the close of this dance. They have some little BUSINESS. Make

rally for HARLEQUIN. CLOWN gets tripped up, and PANTALOON wheels him off by his heels. SCENE changes to a

## LANDSCAPE.

Set waters—Foreground—Boat with pair of oars in.]

HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE cross.

CLOWN and PANTALOON enter, each with a fishing pole. BUSINESS. They both fish.]

CLOWN

catches a small fish.]

PANTALOON

catches a large fish, which is lettered C U B A.]

NOTICE. The fish here can be made to answer any local subject of the day.]

CLOWN

unhooks the large fish for PANTALOON, and tries to run away with both, but is caught and brought back. He then exits, and returns bringing in a large bag, marked \$30,000,000, which is offered for the fish, but refused. Puts them in the boat and leaves. He returns bringing in Dice.]

PANTALOON

throws first.]

CLOWN

throws next.]

BOTH

dispute about their throw.]

PANTALOON

insists upon his throwing the Dice from the Box, instead of the Keg, as then he cannot finger the Dice.]

CLOWN

goes and gets Tin Cover, places it upon the wooden Dice, lifts it up and drops it in Keg. Then excuses himself, and shows the Tin Dice under the Cover.]

BOTH

quarrel.]

PANTALOON

*gets knocked down.]*

CLOWN

*carries him and lays him on Keg, covers over his Dice, and places it on PANTALOON's breast.]*

HARLEQUIN

*flies past and strikes Tin Cover.]*

PANTALOON

*screams and jumps up. The Dice has disappeared, and CLOWN throws it out of the Keg, to show that it had passed through PANTALOON.*

HARLEQUIN

*passes.]*

PANTALOON

*recovers and says :] Let's go a fishing.*

BOTH

*start to get in the Boat. Each pull the other away to get in first—finally both get in. BUSINESS, and the Boat seperates in two parts, going off each side. SCENE changes to a*

STREET, or Wood, (same as the third.)

Enter HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE

*fatigued. Pursued by CLOWN and PANTALOON, who seperate them once or twice.]*

[NOTICE. Clown and Pantaloons enter from the side they were carried in the boat, and appear as if exhausted by swimming. They recognise each other and attempt to shake hands.]

HARLEQUIN

*strikes his bat, and two DEMONS appear through the front traps, one on each side.]*

PANTALOON and CLOWN

*are siezed and led off by them in great fright, and just as they are reviving HARLEQUIN flies past them.*

CLOWN and PANTALOON

*attempt to pursue him but he commands them (GONG) with his bat, and they stand motionless. SCENE changes to the*

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NOTICE. A full set of revolving columns may be used if desired ; providing the parties feel disposed to go to that expense.]

HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE

enter, run and ascend the stairs and form PICTURE.]

[Two KNIGHTS in armor, stand in the foreground in front of the Columns, with drawn swords—point resting on the stage. When CLOWN and PANTALOON advance, both the KNIGHTS charge at them.]

PANTALOON and CLOWN

fall.]

THE DEMONS

rush in, torch in hand, and claim their victims.]

ALL FORM PICTURE.

RED FIRE and SLOW CURTAIN.

GRAND TABLEAUX.

THE END.

18 April 1860









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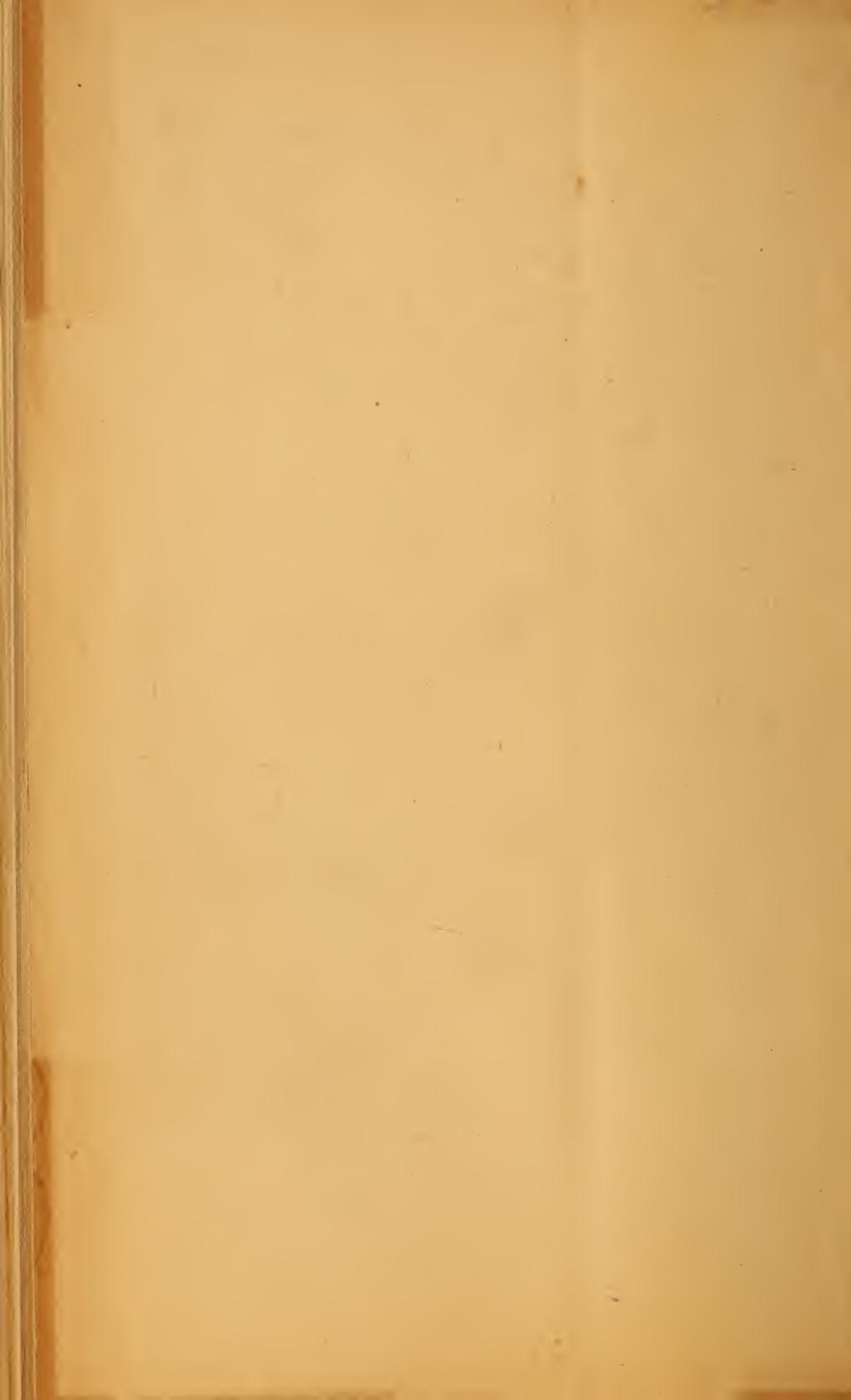
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